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RECOLLECTIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

NAY—start not, gentle reader, at the appalling title. I do not intend to abuse your confidence by pouring into your defenceless ears a tale of the woes and the miseries to which, as a profession, we have ever been subjected. True, we are, and ever have been, a persecuted class; but, to the shame of our nature be it spoken, the world acknowledges not our claims upon its sympathies. The recital of our sorrows serves merely to excite the smiles or the sneers of the unthinking; and the schoolmaster has long been deemed as little deserving of pity as the Wandering Jew. But habit has at length become with us a second nature. We have learned to bear our lot in uncomplaining silence; to submit with patience to the stern decree of fate, and solace ourselves as we may with the few crumbs of comfort that fall to our share.

Ours is not, however, a life of unmingled toil. Though our path be rough and thorny, yet to beguile the weariness of the way there are flowers and fruit even, which we may pluck and enjoy if we will. Few and scanty alas they are, but the difficulty of obtaining them gives them a relish which they would otherwise lack. We are, to a great extent, *lookers-on* in the community; and many an incident, too light and trivial perhaps to engross the attention of those absorbed in more exciting pursuits, furnishes to us not amusement simply, but abundant matter of reflection in our leisure hours. Our pleasures are all of a quiet cast. We are content to float along the stream of life, preferring the smooth waters to the eddying current, where our progress, though more rapid, would not be unattended with danger.

I have been many years in the *profession*, (for such is the rank I must claim for my humble occupation, spite of the curling lip of lawyers, ministers, and doctors, who denominate theirs, *par excellence*, the *learned professions*, and deny to all others the title; but I will not discuss this point now. Suffice it that you, gentle reader, in courtesy, at least, will acknowledge my claim. Let us return to the starting point.)

As I was about to say, when you interrupted me with that ill-timed sneer, for many long years have I been a teacher of youth. In the course of my experience I have met with many little incidents, (they hardly deserve

the name of adventures,) which to note and meditate upon has been the employment of many an idle hour. To me they are not devoid of interest and instruction even; for he who will go through the world with his eyes open, may read a lesson of wisdom from every thing he sees. That they will be interesting to you is more than I can promise; but I will not compel you to read. For my own amusement simply, I am propose sketch, as I have opportunity, some of the characters and events which in a long course of years have fallen under my observation. If you find them dull and tedious, blame not me. I paint from real life, and am not answerable for the tameness of the sketch. Mine is a veritable history; the names only are changed. Old men are proverbially garrulous; perhaps you will call me *prosing*. I care not.

During the year 18—, I was pleasantly situated in a small town on the coast of Massachusetts. The village itself I need not attempt to describe. It was like many others of our New England villages—neat, tasteful and thriving, and containing much to attract the eye, and make it a desirable residence. The place was for many years remarkably quiet, having no timber lands, mill privileges, or any thing of the kind, to foster a spirit of speculation, until in an evil hour a huge hotel was built on the summit of a steep hill in the vicinity, overlooking the country and bay for miles in every direction, and a steamboat commenced its daily trips, bringing with it crowds of well dressed loafers, to the great discomfort of the staid old settlers, who, having made snug little fortunes in the mackerel fishery, wished to pass their old age in quiet. Of the intruders I shall have little to say. They do not fall within my province. It is only my more immediate associates, that I shall introduce to you from time to time, as occasion serves.

As fate would have it, in an evil hour for my peace I took up my abode in the family of a worthy widow, with seven daughters duly arranged from thirty years of age down to fifteen. (For proof of this last fact, see Family Bible, blank leaf No. 3.) I was not alone, however, in my folly. My chum, Ned Choate, a young law-student, who had been starved from his last boarding place, also fell into the snare, (fell among thieves, I had almost said) but found, too late, that he had not gained much by the change. Now I have no quarrel with the sex, as a whole. Indeed, I think, for a bachelor of my years, I am rather partial to them, even now; much more was I at that time, when I ranked myself among the young men, and partook of all their follies. But there are *some* things that I can't abide. What they are you shall see, if you read attentively.

However, the cloven foot did not at first appear, and I inwardly congratulated myself on my good luck. For a brief season every thing went on smoothly. The coffee was good, the buck-wheat cakes at breakfast smoking hot, and we were always greeted with pleasant words and smiling faces, and all the nameless little kind offices, which, though trifles in themselves, denote that the guests are on good terms with the cook and landlady. These favors, as in courtesy bound, we endeavored to pay in kind. I do not like to boast of my gallantry, yet I must say that we treated them with marked civility, whenever occasion offered; to wit, we escorted them to all the parties far and near, (which you must know was no trifle, in those days, in a hospitable

country town—especially when fairer damsels offered,) and helped to make out a rubber of whist in a quiet way, whenever requested. Nay, if I mistake not, we threw out sundry hints of a sleigh-ride, which we intended to take with them when snow came. Ah! those were pleasant days. I love to dwell upon the recollection of them. But it may not be.

Now if the reader is beginning to fancy that either of us was about to fall in love, let me assure him he is most egregiously mistaken. So let him dismiss that crotchet from his brain as soon as possible. Some people always *will* have their heads full of such nonsense. But that is not my fault. I wash my hands of it. To be sure, the oldest—but I forbear. 'Tis not fair to expose family secrets.

If you will take the trouble to turn over a file of old almanacs, extending back some twenty-five years, you will find one winter in particular marked with the prediction, 'very little snow.' Well—that is the very year to which my narrative has reference. It was mid-winter, if my memory serves me, before we had a single snow-storm. The old men, (the oldest inhabitant among the rest) began to sigh over our degenerate seasons, and the young men and maidens looked cheerless as they began to fear the loss of their favorite winter's pastime. At length, one Friday afternoon the long wished-for snow began to fall. I might have known that it boded no good, for spite of the Realists, the Utilitarians, and all those matter-of-fact people of the present day, it is a truth which I inherited from my Connecticut ancestors and have ever held with religious fidelity, that no good comes of undertakings commenced on Friday. Be that as it may, the next morning I found the ground covered with six inches of snow, and soon the merry chime of sleighbells indicated that the young people were stirring in the matter.

After breakfast my chum, as was his wont, had stretched himself on two chairs before the fire, (a genuine Yankeeism, if we may credit Capt. Hall,) and was inhaling the fragrant odor of a long pipe, the only pleasure of his, I believe, which I never shared with him, except scraping Old Hundred on a cracked violin—when I broke in upon his meditations.

'For Heaven's sake, Ned, don't be forever drying up your brains with that everlasting old pipe. You are worse than a Mohawk chief at a council fire.'

'Walter, don't fret. You know I never interfere with any of *your* private amusements. When you were learning to sing, did not I endure it with the fortitude of a martyr?'

'Pray do n't mention it. You promised not to rake up old scores. Come, put by Blackstone, and let's have a sleighride this afternoon.'

'Don't care if we do,' said he, leisurely puffing out a cloud of smoke and watching the curling wreath as it ascended to the ceiling. 'Who'll be of the party?'

'Thorndike will go, of course; and as for ladies, I'll engage to raise half a score at ten minutes notice.'

Well, tell Niles to have his four grey ponies ready, and Black Tim with them, at three o'clock. I will arrange matters.

Thorndike was a young Virginian who was spending a year at the North to complete his education. He was a fine specimen of the West Virginia

planter ; frank, open, and generous, almost to a fault, rather quick-tempered, with a high sense of honor, and ready at any moment to resent what he deemed an insult, at whatever hazard. During the few months that he had passed with us he had made himself quite a favorite with the young people, and no pleasure party was deemed complete without him. He was always ready for any thing in the way of sport that offered itself, and I knew we might safely rely upon him to join our party.

There is nothing like an *impromptu* party, whether for a picnic, a sleigh-ride, or an excursion on the water. They never fail, never prove dull or tedious. The rapidity with which they are got up, gives a new impulse to the spirit of the party, and makes them full of life and gayety. Depend upon it, the longer time you take to prepare for any thing of this kind, the greater is your chance of failure. The best sleighride I ever enjoyed was got up at five minutes' notice or rather with no notice at all.

When I came in at noon I found Ned had selected a party to suit himself. He had passed the word to about a dozen of the village belles, including of course all who happened to be particularly agreeable or pretty, but entirely overlooked the merits of our worthy household dames. Now this was wrong in Ned. How could we expect such a marked slight to be forgiven ? To tell the truth however, I was a little to blame in the matter myself, having given him a hint in the morning as to the persons to be invited ; but that did n't justify him. After dinner we repaired to Thorndike's room to wait the arrival of our vehicle and determine the direction of our ride. Scarcely was this settled, when the loud crack of a whip was heard. Tim made his appearance skilfully reining his spirited ponies, and grinning with excitement displaying in the process a set of ivory which contrasted strongly with the glistening ebony hue of his visage.

'Hang the fellow,' said Thorndike, who was regaling himself with a choice Havana, 'he might at least have waited till I had finished my cigar.'

'No time to think of that now,' replied Choate ! 'We must be off,' and taking our places in one corner of the huge open sleigh, which contained seats for twenty, we bid Tim drive into Main-Street, and call for the rest of our company. Flourishing his long whip, and bringing it about the ears of his ponies with a report like that of a rifle, he gave them the rein, and off they dashed at full speed through the light snow, to the manifest annoyance of foot passengers, for whose convenience however our John recked as little as most men in authority.

Our little party were soon collected, for, contrary to the usual custom, they made no unnecessary delay, and we set off again at a merry pace. There is no motion more joyously exciting than that over a smooth road, in an open sleigh, when the bells are jingling merrily, and you are surrounded with a dozen gay, laughing, frolicsome damsels, who are bent upon having sport. The quick footsteps of the horses fell noiselessly upon the newly fallen snow, the sharp bracing air imparts an exhilaration to your spirits, and sends the blood in a current through your veins, and you hardly seem to touch the ground so rapid is your course. It is in truth the very poetry of motion, and then the chance of an overturn, as you whisk suddenly round a sharp corner gives you a new start, and makes the fair one by your side

cling still closer to your arm to avert the catastrophe.—Oh, 'tis glorious! Commend me to New England sleighrides for genuine sport.

Tim, proud to display the merits of his spirited little Canadians, and tempted perhaps by the hope of an extra half dollar which I had promised him, cracked on at a brisk pace, and in an hour and a half reached Morey's, (some fifteen miles off,) a house better known then than at the present day as furnishing the best mulled wine and hot suppers which the country afforded. We alighted and were shown into a warm room, and giving our host *carte blanche* for our entertainment, prepared to pass a merry evening.

Reader, did you ever spend a winter in a country village in New England? If so, I need not tell you how we passed the evening. I am in general an enemy to all innovation, and for this evening I deemed it a duty, in virtue of my age and mine office to see that all the venerated, time-honored customs of our country were duly observed. The hours flew swiftly by, and when the old house clock struck nine we remembered that it was Saturday night, and reluctantly prepared to return.

Lightly bounded our steeds over the snowy waste, and joyfully rung the laugh and shout of our merry little party, in the clear moonlight, making the woods echo again to the sound of our mirth. The church clock told the hour of eleven as we drove gaily through the village on our return, and ere long our company were deposited at their several homes, to act over again in fancy the scenes of the night, and dream of past pleasure, or revel in the anticipation of future joys. Chum and I repaired to our room, but contrary to the usual custom, the doors were locked, and when, after shivering in the keen night air some ten minutes, we at last gained admittance, the fire was out, and all looked cold and cheerless.

'Ned, this won't do. Did you mind how cross the old Jezebel looked when she let us in?'

'Devil take her looks—who cares? Light a fire and let's have a smoke over it.'

'There's mischief brewing, you may depend upon it. I thought as much when I saw the old lady with all her hopeful brood paraded at the windows as we drove by.'

'We'll see tomorrow. Put a good face on the matter, at breakfast, and if there's a word to be said let them begin the attack.'

In the morning we went down to breakfast at our usual hour. But alas for the smiling, joyous faces with which our appearance was usually greeted. It needed but a glance at the stern, cold countenance of our hostess, to see that the slight offered to her daughters the preceding day would not lightly be forgiven. Few words were exchanged, and no questions were asked as to our ride. This of itself showed how deep was the offence. The meal passed in solemn silence. The coffee seemed to have lost somewhat of its usual strength, though this might have been fancy merely, and the accustomed buckwheat cakes were wanting. A change had evidently come over the spirit of our landlady, and we were to be the sufferers.

From that time through the remainder of the winter every thing denoted the existence of a *quasi* domestic war. Not that we were so foolish as to 'quarrel with our bread and butter,' to use a homely proverb, but our bread

and butter, or rather its providers, quarrelled with us. Our usual nine o'clock luncheon of cake and pie was discontinued. Then our room was less carefully swept, and our linen from its usual snowy white began to turn *grey*. In short, all the thousand little good offices, which had hitherto been rendered without the asking, and which had contributed so much to our comfort, were at once discontinued. The most provoking part of the matter was, that all was done with such perfect civility that no offence could fairly be taken on either side. If anything had been said against our proceedings we could have replied. But they would not give up their vantage ground, and we would not commence the attack. How the quarrel terminated I may perhaps relate to you in a subsequent chapter.

BIRCH

M U S I N G S .

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

WHERE will ye write my name
 With the bards of ancient story?—
 Giving the meed to fame,
 To twine with a wreath of glory?

Or place it with the proud,
 Or the gifted of the land;
 Where as a gorgeous cloud,
 In their glory full they stand?—

Aye, I would have it not,
 With the lordly things of earth;
 Nor should it fill a spot
 Where the mighty have their birth.

But write it in the wood,
 By fount, and by mountain stream;
 And where the forest stood,
 That bounded my childhood's dream.

Write it by bower and tree,
 Nor e'en let it perish there;
 But join the melody
 Of the sea, the earth, and the air.

In every haunted place,
 And in every grove and dell;
 In every silent space,
 Where the spirit of song may dwe

Where'er a woodland flower,
Has folded its withered leaves;
Or where the reaper's power,
Has passed with the gathered sheaves.

For such were haunts I loved;
They oft rapt my youthful lyre;
And thrilled me where I roved,
With a poet's sacred fire.

And write it once again,
In the inmost heart of one,
As with an iron pen,
Or the rays of the noonday sun.

I ask but on *that heart*,
An undying name to bear;
Sacred, as 't were a part,
Of the spirit that dwelleth there.

The sons my youth has borne,
Whom I watch in childhood now;
May in their manhood's morn,
At another's memory bow.

Their mother's face may pass
From the tablet of their heart;
Her soothing voice, alas!
As an olden song depart.

My name may be a word,
Scarce known but by sons of song,
Its murmur ne'er be heard
By the gay and joyous throng.

And thus, thus let it be,
I would not their memory share,
Their thoughts within are free,
I ask not an impress there.

But let not *him* forget,
More loved and cherished than all;
When leaves the night dews wet,
Or at morning's merry call.

For what's the wreath of fame,
Compared with the garland of *love*;
Or what a deathless name,
When the worshipped heart can rove?

Lowell, Sept. 1836.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

'To me be NATURE's volume broad displayed.'—*Thompson's Seasons*.

THE influence of natural scenery on the mind is not confined to those whose imaginations have been quickened by culture, or whose feelings are warmed by association, but pervades, to a great extent, the souls of all. The untutored Indian in the stillness and solitude of his native forests, where no eye, but that of Omniscience beholds him, no sound breaks upon his ear but the rustling of the foliage, or the rippling of the stream, feels the power of nature and recognises the finger of a God. The rude mariner rocked upon the angry billows, when darkness has covered the deep, in the thunder's voice, and lightning's flash, fears and acknowledges the hand of Him who 'rideth upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.' The poet, when he looks forth upon the face of nature, whether clad in the snowy garb of winter in naked grandeur and spotless majesty, or smiling in the fresh verdure and opening flowers of Spring, or the ripened fruits and changing hues of Autumn, sees much to inspire him with wonder and with love. While he, again, in whom the influence of religion has added force and sensibility to the poetry of feeling, is still more alive to the beauties of creation, since in thought he is instantly carried

'— from Nature, up to Nature's God.'

Every object, whether animate or inanimate, however minute and unimportant, reminds him of the first great source, whence it has derived its being—and his admiration of the creature, is but an expression of his adoration of the Creator. In the smiling landscape, where all is peace and joy—in the sighing of the breeze—the warbling of the birds—the sportive gambols of the flocks, he sees and adores the benevolence of his maker, and he alone of all enjoys to their full extent

'Those ever-blooming sweets which from the store
Of Nature, fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul.'

If such be the delights we feel in studying the face of nature, still greater and more intellectual is that which may be derived from investigating its character. We listen to the thunder and behold the lightning with even more of awe and wonder, when we know the causes by which they are produced—we gaze upon the cleft mountain and roaring cataract, with more of solemn interest, when we can determine by what combination of the elements, or concussion of nature, they assumed their form. And when, in imagination, we wing our way through the region of the past, to the time when 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,' as the Creator looked upon the work of his hands and pronounced it 'good,'—we can by the aid of science discover the primitive structure of our globe—compare its successive formations as they have arisen in the lapse of ages—trace the action of the elements, and point to the principle and the

agent to which each change is to be ascribed. The field of knowledge lies open before us

‘A mighty maze,—but not without a plan.’

And while guided by Philosophy we thread its numerous paths, and look upon the secrets of nature which from others are concealed, we feel our minds expanded, our affections purified, and our souls exalted—as at each new step are displayed in language not to be mistaken, the power, the wisdom, the benevolence of the DEITY. GEOLOGY will introduce us to the recesses of the earth, teach us the character of its elements, and the principle of their formation—and instruct us in the nature of that hidden fire, which now overwhelms cities in the eruption of a volcano, and now prostrates nations by the shock of the earthquake. MINERALOGY will acquaint us with the treasures concealed in the bosom of the earth, and the uses to which they may be applied. CHEMISTRY will open to us the wondrous properties of the air we breathe—the elastic fluids, which are above, beneath, and around us, and enable us to investigate the phenomena of matter, and to wield the elements at our will. Passing to the *vegetable world*, we find much to delight the mind, as well as to please the fancy and to charm the eye. The delicate structure and beautiful organization of plants show conclusively the wisdom which planned, and the skill which formed them,—and their distinct classification, and mysterious union, teach us that there is as much of philosophy as of poetry in love dwelling among the flowers. Stepping across those invisible links which connect so closely, the different orders we see in the exquisite mechanism of the *Animal Kingdom*, the fitness and adaptation of the several parts—the workmanship of a Divine hand—far surpassing in wondrous skill the most successful efforts of human art. In the instinct which guides the movements of the brutes, leading them intuitively to important truths, which man gifted with a noble faculty arrives at only with difficulty and by study, we see another instance of the wisdom and economy which pervades the universe. ‘Who,’ asks a celebrated writer,* ‘would dream of the *bee* knowing the highest branch of the mathematics, the fruit of Newton’s most wonderful discovery? But the mighty and all-wise Creator, who made the insect and the philosopher—bestowing reason on the latter, and giving the former to work without it—to him all truths are known with an intuition which mocks even the conceptions of the sagest of human kind.’

After we have ranged throughout the universe and embraced with the eye and grasped with the mind, the unnumbered wonders, which crowd the *visible* creation; the microscope discovers to us, ‘in the leaves of every forest—the flowers of every garden—the waters of every rivulet—worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.’ When we look upwards to the sky, and behold the myriads of orbs which stud its glorious canopy—reflect upon the power which called them into existence, and upon the wisdom which governs their movements, the mind lost in the immensity of its contemplations, as it wanders through space, unconfined by the narrow boundaries which limit the extent of other themes

* BROUGHAM, in his ‘Natural Theology.’

—beholds Infinity linked with eternity—and the hand of Omnipotence superintending all. Since then by the aid of science, we can penetrate into things hidden and invisible, and discover ‘a system in every star, a world in every atom’—since the stamp of benevolence is imprinted upon the universe, and its Divine Author is revealed in his works as a being of all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness—we must admit that the study of nature is worthy of our noblest powers, that it exalts and purifies our best affections. Wheresoever we turn our eyes, from the loftiest sun that illuminates the Heavens, to the

‘ — Dark unfathomed caves of ocean,’

we discover new source of wonder, new themes for adoration. And if, after unfolding the scroll of the firmament, and fathoming the ocean’s depth—after penetrating to the centre of the globe and discovering the secrets of the elements—after investigating the properties of each known substance, and bringing to light the invisible myriads which fill the universe, we imagine that we have read the book of nature—that we have approached the conclusion of the book of knowledge—we may rest assured that in the boundless regions of creation ‘there are a thousand recesses unexplored—a thousand flowers unplucked—a thousand fountains unexhausted.’*

NEMO.

SONNET.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

My soul is like the wind-harp, from whose strings
Mysterious music floats around, and seems
More like the half-remember’d strains of dreams,
Than aught the pride of waking genius brings :—
Brief ringing sounds that soon forgotten die
With the soft winds that wake them. Thus it is,
Deep thoughts, warm feelings, aspirations high,—
The passive soul’s deep-stirring harmonies,
Come thrilling through me, when I stand among
Life’s mercies, and bright Nature’s loveliness :
Ah ! that such tones should cease amid the throng,
And leave no spell our darkling hours to bless !
Spirit of truth and beauty—from my soul,
When touch’d by thee, may thoughts as hymns unbroken roll !

* From the *Rambler*.

JULIA ST. GERMAIN.

A TALE FROM FACTS.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

CHAPTER I.

COME, listen to her artless tale—'tis true,
 And life has many such. You read in hers
 The histories of thousands, and perchance
 A lesson may the humble page contain.

THE subject of the following sketch, which has more of truth than fiction in it, has gone to her reward. In the low valley of the dead, they laid her pale but beautiful mortality and there, in silent companionship with the pulseless multitude, it was left to sleep. The grave worm has fed and fattened upon the form, that twenty-two springs had passed over and ripened to the maturity of lovely womanhood—but her pure spirit, unsinning as the new born zephyr, waifs in blessed fruition around the white throne which is in the midst of heaven.

She died. In the bitterness of woe, the last breathings went forth from the suffering tenement, and the throb that rushed in death from her quivering heart thrilled agony through every fibre of her delicate system. She died of the disease which gives thousands of her kind untimely to the tomb, a broken heart, caused by the perfidy of man. I saw the mockery of mourning, and pageantry of woe, that followed to her narrow house. I saw the cold tear, that the heart's affections never wept, fall among the clods that crumbled upon her coffin lid—and I turned with a sick spirit from this scene of the world's hypocrisy to weep in the bitterness of tearless anguish. O humanity—humanity! what tears of blood dost thou pour forth from thy lacerated bosom, when fiends that wear thy sacred signet cover with their mantle of deceit—the foul impersonations of hell?

On the Anne Arundel side of the Patapsco, near the junction of the waters of that beautiful river with the blue Chesapeake, is a little promontory, which rises abruptly from the shore, and after forming a plain of a few acres, slopes gradually towards the inland, until it is lost in a deep valley, shaded by forest trees, thickly set, and interspersed with wild and delightfully romantic scenery. Upon the promontory, like a sea nymph, from her couch of waters, arose a little white cottage, which was distinctly seen from the channel of the river and bay, and admired by the thousands who in former days have journeyed upon the waves, in their goings forth to and from the 'monumental city'. This cottage was for several years pointed out as an object of notoriety, from the circumstance of its having been the birth place of Julia St. Germain, whose unfortunate history has often been listened to with tearful interest. It

was on board a coasting vessel, that I first heard from the lips of an old sailor, the mention of her name, and a part of her misfortunes—subsequently I saw and conversed with her, and by a singular train of occurrences was made a witness of the solemn mockery, with which her wasted form was consigned to its mother earth. Years have passed.—But in living characters, the circumstances remain upon the page of memory—and as evil may be despised, and shunned the more easily, by a revelation of its deformity, I transcribe them, hoping that some erring mortal may be induced thereby to forsake his maize of folly, which like the labyrinth of Grotyna leads to certain ruin.

The father of Julia was left an orphan in early childhood, and thrown upon the world, like a boat upon the ocean, to wrestle with the winds and waves, and brave ten thousand dangers ere it could reach a shore of safety. He was robbed of the small patrimony bequeathed him by his parents, by the minions of the law, to whom the settlement of the estate had been entrusted, and under auspices the most unfavorable compelled to struggle, friendless and forlorn against the winds and tides of life: he grew up unlettered and unlearned, and not until he became the master of his own years, had he the opportunity of acquiring the most common-place education; he therefore experienced in his associations with his fellow men, the repeated mortification and difficulties, which always attend such mental destitution. He was a man, however, of good natural abilities, and worked his way with tolerable success. The white cottage of which I have made mention, and the lands in vicinage became the fruits of his enterprize and industry, and were his unincumbered possession before he united his fate, fortune and happiness, with the mother of the subject of this brief history.

Julia was their only child, and her mother was taken from the world before she had learned to lisp the endearing name. In consequence of this calamity, the management of the infantile years of his child, devolved upon Mr. St. Germain, and with a bleeding heart, he commenced the responsible duty, in the discharge of which, though difficult, he received a reward, as abundant as it was unexpected; nor was it ephemeral pleasure that he enjoyed;—for he watched from infancy, through childhood and youth, the developements of her mind, and in each stage, he could contemplate, with new delight, the improvements in her person and character. He instilled into her young heart the doctrines and principles of religion, and felt many a rich blessing filling his own to overflowing, while he endeavored to water the precious seed he had sown, with so much interest and care—and he had the high satisfaction of seeing it spring forth, and bloom in moral beauty. Much cause had this favored father to hope that his loved—his only child would grow up to womanhood, an honor and ornament of her sex. And he was not disappointed.

CHAPTER II.

'Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness—all gayety,
Her virtues the favorite theme of every tongue.'

Years hastened upon the wings of light, and rapidly they fled. The sixteenth of Julia's life, found her one of the most amiable, as well as one of the most accomplished of her kind. Her society was courted by the young and by the old; her abilities and excellent disposition rendered her an object worthy of being sought after, and an associate from whose intercourse something interesting and valuable could ever be learned. She was an universal favorite, and her opinion and assistance were ever in demand. Was there a widow, sick and afflicted in the neighborhood? Some old matron would seek for Julia to attend her to the house of distress and assist in administering to the wants of the sufferer. Often to such, she came like a ministering angel, and the blessing of the poor was her rich reward. She found more delight in one such visit of mercy, than the hireling of pleasure could find in an hundred scenes of dissipation. Did the wife of the sun-burnt sailor who was far out upon the ocean, tossed by the tumult of its billows—or harbored for a season in some distant port—desire to send him information concerning herself and the little charge he had left to her protection? Julia was the amanuensis, and many a time, has the wife and the mother's bosom leapt in ecstasy of gratitude and joy, when the tender feelings of the kind heart of this amiable girl have throbbled in perfect sympathy with hers, and given forth sentiments exactly suited to the condition she was representing. She wrote many letters under such circumstances, and as often thanked heaven for the opportunity of performing the little service to the companion of the wayworn mariner. Did a company of the young wish to spend a day or an evening in rational pastime—and pleasure unalloyed? Mr. St. Germain's house was the place selected, and Julia was the Niobe that gave light and life and bliss, and like the 'bright sun of her sex,' her charms were never dimmed, but grew brighter in the using.

Julia was certainly the most captivating girl in the settlement—and strange to tell, she was without a jealous rival; her virtues were emulated, but such was the goodness of her heart and the continual overflow of its generous feelings, manifested to every one, and on every occasion, that it was an utter impossibility for any to do otherwise than esteem her. Her hand and heart were sought by several. Wealth and distinction were offered her in marriage—but these she looked upon as being of but trifling value in comparison with the happiness and peace she had long enjoyed, and she wished still to enjoy in humble life with those she loved. Many fine proposals were rejected by her, and her friends learned with surprise and real pleasure, that she had given her heart's affections to a youth of but moderate circumstances, but who was regarded as one among the best, and most amiable of men. The greater part of seven years had been spent by Agnew Alderson in the neighborhood, and he bore a character for piety and steady habits unequalled by any of his associates. They were married at the white cottage and for

awhile happiness dwelt there in its unmitigated perfection. No cloud passed upon the horizon to hide its beauty, and in the seeming mingling of heart with heart there appeared to be all that mortals could wish of joy.

CHAPTER III.

'He's gone, he's gone, O fearful woe !
Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
My brain, my brain, I know, I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be,
Yes soon ;—for lo you—while I speak,
Mark yonder demon's eyeballs glare !
He sees me, now with dreadful shriek—
He whirls a scorpion high in air !
Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crashed and sad,
Aye, laugh ye fiends—I feel the truth,
'Tis done, 'tis done, I'm mad, I'm mad.'

In one short year the husband of Julia, proved himself to be as arch an hypocrite as ever 'stole the livery of the court of heaven, to serve the devil in': and though 'at sacred feasts, he sat among the saints', and sung as loud, and spoke as often of God's love, there was that within him, which when revealed made common sinners tremble, and hasten from his presence, for fear of being stained with new contamination. The mask he had worn so long fell off from his character and his assumed sanctity gave place to foul impieties, that would have disgraced a representative from the dark regions of eternal night. To say that he was a *gambler*, is to say the worst that can be said of man. Disgraceful—degraded employment ! It is this, that gives man the character of a fiend, and allies him to the confederacy of hell.—**GAMBLER!**—detested name, worthy the execration of devils—it must have originated amid infernal blackness, and he who owns it, wanders among his fellows a damned incarnation. I have thought—if there be on the gulf of doom, a place which like the home of the Hyena, is set apart in especial isolation, and for purposes of deeper and more horrifying torture—it is the pit, in which the spirits of the gambler crowd shall assemble to

'Talk to fiery tempests, and implore,
The burning flames to give their fury o'er.'

The gambler may mingle with mankind, and work his way of ruin with apparent unconcern. Remorse like an undying worm, may be gnawing at his vitals, and he may seem 'the gayest of the gay'. It is no small part of the business he follows, to put on a cheerful countenance, and counterfeit a careless demeanor, that he may the more successfully deceive his fellow men, and lure them into his snare of evil.

We may despise the gambler's calling, and suffer him to go on unrebuked, we may eschew his companionship and turn aside to humbler society—but who is there, that can think one single moment, undismayed, upon the meeting of the disembodied spirits of the hellish crew ? Who is there, but shudders at the reflection, and feels the life blood to freeze in his veins, when it comes like an incubus upon him. Like emissaries of the infernal prince, they have gone through life scattering the fire brands of infamy and death. Their inglorious career has been upon the wrecks of wretchedness, that their

own hands have wrought, and with souls weltering in guilt, they have themselves struggled with the great monster:—but human efforts fail to portray the deep agony of their desolation, and we can only think upon, and shudder at their pollution and their punishment. The man is beneath our pity, aye beneath our contumely, who is sunk so low in the filth of infamy, as to become a *cat's paw for the devil*, which the gambler undoubtedly is; and while we have no word to express the feeling we entertain for characters so abandoned, we should be careful how we conduct ourselves towards them, lest they should suppose, we found pleasure in their fellowship:—we should not only despise, but spurn the profession.

A more successful deceiver scarcely ever practiced his unholy principles, than he, who won the affections, and obtained the hand of Julia St. Germain. He completely effected his design in concealing from his wife—from all—the villainy he harbored in his heart; and it was not until the death of her father, which took place about six months after their marriage that he exposed the dark shades of his character. It was thought by some, and is told with the tradition, that he secretly poisoned that good man to obtain his property, supposing him to be exceedingly wealthy; and when the estate was settled, and he found that the white cottage and farm were all he was to obtain, he raved in the madness of disappointment and shockingly abused the fair creature that clung to him, as the babe would cling to the bosom of its mother, when some rude hand should rupture the full fountain of its feelings. He dragged her from the home of her youth and love, which she saw sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, to be a wanderer with him, and companion of his disgrace and shame; and O how often she was doomed to watch, and weep at midnight in her tavern chamber, while he revelled in debauchery, and damned his fellow men. How little can man endure the society of innocence, he has robbed of beauty and wronged? How restless when the heart, which gave up its own identity for his, is fluttering to be freed by the arm of death, from the lovely, but shattered form, that writhes in agony at his feet? And the wife—O sacred name—the wife, that cast her all of ‘hope on earth, perhaps her hope of heaven’ upon him, to be the victim of his hated lusts. No wonder that he should grow weary of the sight of her. No wonder that he should attempt to fly from the substance, when the shadow haunts him in the house of his guilty sleep. And thus did Agnew Alderson. He grew weary of the sight of Julia, and made several efforts to get rid of her; at length giving out that she was insane, he hired an apartment and attendants for her in a hospital, where she remained as long as the pittance he had paid would allow;—and then he was far away, no one could tell where; he left her, to her unpropitious fate, and cared not what became of her.

Her tale of sorrow was retained as the secret of her own bosom, and when she was dismissed from the hospital, being asked which way she would turn for shelter, she replied ‘to yon bright heaven which has been the gladness of my youth, and which will take me up when the world forsakes me.’ For awhile she wandered, and lived she knew not how; and after suffering beyond all human calculation, she found an asylum in the almshouse of Charleston, S. C., where she was treated with every possible kindness. She was fortunate in obtaining the friendship of the keeper's wife, a woman well

qualified for the duties of her calling:—to her, and to her alone, did she discover the history of her misfortunes. The kind attentions of this generous woman, operated as the first palliation the feeling of Julia had received since the hour she waved a last farewell, to the home where she had never been unhappy; it was like balsam to her wounded spirit, and as the lily lifts its head to the first beams of sunshine that come to its reviving, after the shower has pressed it to the ground, so the broken spirit of Julia seemed to be animated anew; and for a short time there was a cessation to the deep sorrow that was drinking up her spirit.

In this place she had the opportunity of reflecting upon the scenes through which she had passed, and though every effort that could be thought of was used to win her mind from its distracting remembrances, yet they were only successful for a time, she relapsed into despondency, and the bitterness of grief seemed like a vampyre in her blood, drinking the foundations of life away. But a few months she was permitted to enjoy the blessings, if such they may be called—of her new home, then in truth did reason forsake its throne, and she became a maniac. Thousands who visited that almshouse, will remember the lovely Julia, and the story of her wrongs, will come upon their hearts like the breath of some foul malaria. Many a tear has yet to be shed, for the multitudes, that from time to time, have stood at Julia's side, and shook her by the hand, and those who have endeavored to wring from her the history of her woes, have yet to read, and hear that history, have yet to weep over the injuries she received from the hands of ingrate man. To some her sorrows have already been told, they are on the winds, and will be told for years, for a tale like hers does not soon fade from memory. Four years, she was the inhabitant of the almshouse, and during that time, many circumstances occurred in the life of Julia which would be heard with interest, but as the deeds of a maniac, and more particularly such an one as her, can only fill the heart with mournful feelings, and cause it to throb in sadness—I forbear to tell them here.

Her heartless husband revelled in debauchery and dissipation, until horror like a serpent fixed its fangs upon his guilt-seared conscience; stung with remorse he sought the opportunity of making a partial atonement for his offences, by relieving if possible the wants of his much abused wife. He came up the Chesapeake when a storm was on its waters, and as if the first act of judgment was to begin, where his guilt began, the vessel was driven upon the shore beneath the promontory, and the white cottage torn by a whirlwind from its aged foundation, dashed with violence from the heights upon it, he narrowly escaped with his life, and was cursed by the mangled crew as the Jonah of their misfortunes. He came to the hospital, she was not there, and in the fierce grasp of an infuriated inmate, he came near suffering for his sins. He escaped, however, and searched again, and found his wife—but he found her in a gloomy cell. Ah the feelings of that wretch when he saw the woman that once idolized him at his feet, in chains, and raving in the madness that his own treatment had brought upon her. It is said he smote upon his breast, and with his countenance distorted in fury, called for hell to open and hide him from the sight. He visited her again and again, and at last came when an interval of sanity relieved her from the

wretchedness of her incurable disease. In the parlor he was told, that she had just recovered from a desperate fit of mania, but was in her cell, he requested that she might be dressed clean and brought up. With every precaution his arrival was revealed to her, and she heard it unmoved, and when told that he was waiting in the parlor to receive her, and that she must be dressed and go up—she calmly replied ‘No, if he wishes to see me at all, he must see me here in chains, and in the garb of a maniac; these eyes that know him, and this injured, bleeding heart he must encounter here.’ He entered the cell and the scene that ensued can never be described, it was short, but was one of those which heaven permits not often to occur. Scarcely had his foot touched the threshold, when she sprung from the floor, and with such force that the rough rings upon her wrists were drawn entirely over her hands tearing off their entire covering, and leaving the tendons and muscles fully exposed, then folding her arms as if in no pain whatever, she fixed her eyes upon him—and such a gaze—I have seen the serpent with his eyes glazed and the victim bird fluttering to his open jaws. I have seen the human eye glare in horrid immobility upon the fierce tiger, whose talons were spread for blood, and the furious beast has skulked away before it; but never have I seen, or conceived of a gaze like that of the maniac woman upon the husband that had wronged and ruined her. It withered him—and for one hour he raved the worst of maniacs. Her hallucination had passed and she was perfectly sane; and *revenge*, oh, if revenge was sweet to her bosom, she had it there.

He recovered and Julia came to him, and lifting up her mangled hands she said ‘Agnew, with these I’ll wait upon you—take me from this place, I’ve none but you to love, and I’ll love you with my first—best love, and with these lacerated limbs I’ll wait upon you, that you may know how freely Julia’s heart’s blood would be given for your happiness.’ A house was soon hired in a pleasant part of the city, and for awhile no more was heard of Julia at the almhouse. At length one bitter morning in December she returned, badly dressed, sick and emaciated. She had been again a sufferer, again a homeless wanderer. A gambler’s promise is as sure to be broken as that a man of honor’s will be fulfilled. We had as well

‘Seek mellow grapes beneath the icy pale
Or blooming roses on the cheek of death’—

as expect a villain’s pledge to be redeemed. In two weeks after her second incarceration, she was a cold corpse. She died in deepest agony of both body and mind, and until the latest moment of life continued to call upon the name of her faithless Agnew.

The gambler soon heard of her death and hastened to obtain the body that he might bestow upon it a respectable burial. He procured a house for the purpose and costly trappings of death adorned his victim. Hired mourners following to the grave, and pomp and show clustered in that solemn spot, as though they could atone for crimes which are yet to be expiated. The mark of the transgressor is upon the brow of that guilty one. His way has been prosperous, ‘success has followed him and backed his crime’—gold in abundance has been in his possession, but reverse of fortune has begun, retributive justice is pushing hard after him, and beggary will certainly be his doom.

It has been said, and may be true, that some secret purpose was effected by his false display of grief—what it is I know not—perhaps another victim. The world may smile upon the man of crime, but heaven will bring him to his punishment,—aye the sure record of eternity bears the fearful catalogue of guilt, and upon the counter page is written EXPIATION.

Baltimore, Md.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER FIRSTBORN.

BY E. D. TOWNER.

THOU'RT gone, my loved one—and this listening ear
Doth bend in vain to catch the low-breathed moan,
That late fell on its torn and aching chords.
How 'lack and lustreless' the sparkling eye,
That beamed in gladness, and in joy o'erfraught
Laughed to the sunny morn and beauteous even!
Oh! closed, forever closed, the rosy lips
That once in sweetest prattle did send forth
Sounds that all studied forms might vie in vain
To bring such rapture to the aching heart!
How pale and marbled is the rounded cheek,
Where the rich blood did mantle, as I pressed
Thee to my bosom, and the burning kiss
Told of a mother's love—my joy, my hope, my bliss!
How coldly on that brow from whence the locks
In clustering ringlets fell, and brightly clung about
The fairy neck in wanton sport,
Doth sit the stamp of death, and dull and dread
Broods o'er that sleeping form to wake no more!
So sweet—so calmly beautiful!—'T would seem
Thy spirit from its narrow prison freed,
Had turned to gaze, and left its impress there!
So still, so sadly silent is the heart
Where once each slumbering echo joyously sprang forth
To meet thy boisterous shout!—Alas! my boy!
And are my lonely watchings thus repaid?
My watchful hours to catch thy faintest sigh,
And with 'assiduous care' thy pangs to soothe?
My long and dreary nights to grasp the latest hope
That health might once again relume thine eye?
My weary days, when all around was bright and gay,
But bright and gay in vain for me if thou wert ill?
Oh! where are those high hopes that cheered me so,
When gazing on thy ripening form, with all
A mother's joy, I fondly thought that time

Would in his noiseless circle raise a prop
To stay my failing steps, and thou, my son,
Would be my staff, when age with all its woes
And dread infirmities should come.
With what sweet rapture did I hail the hour
When, soft unfolding to my joyful gaze,
Thy mind should be a treasure to my view,
And need my guiding care to train my thoughts.
When from the dewy glade and shaded vale,
The sparkling fountain, and the silent pool,
And all that's bright and beautiful on earth,
And all that's lofty and sublime in heaven,
A moral drawing, I might point thy thoughts,
Yet tender and unused to go astray,
Through nature, to its fountain, 'nature's God!'—
Bright dreams were centred in thee, but they're crushed,
And each sad relic of thy little sports
Brings but the sad remembrance of my loss.

And thou art gone, my boy! this bleeding heart
Would cherish still thine image, though the dart
That laid thee low, should rankle in my mind
And fester there, till the 'last welcome peal
Doth tell an end' to all my grief and woe.
Cold, as the marble that above thy head
Doth point to me where rests thy fragile form,
Cold, as thy noiseless lips forever closed,
Are all the bright and glorious hopes I nursed,
And 'neath the turf that lightly rests on thee
Lifeless and withered lie my earthly joys.
Oh! thou art gone, my loved one, from thy mother's arms,
Gone from this fair and beauteous earth,—
Gone from its hopes, its pleasures, and its bliss,—
Gone never to return!—and all that now is left
Is the remembrance of what *was*—but is no more!—
My heart is bursting with its grief—'twill soon
Be silent, and my weary frame will rest
From all its sorrows in the friendly grave!—

And the mother bent her face to the earth,
Whilst cold on her lips were the accents of mirth—
And dead were the joys that once gladdened heart,
And crushed was her peace by sorrow's keen dart.
But hark!—was it music that rose o'er the vale,
Or but the night zephyr's expiring wail?
Again!—and in clearness o'er heaven it floats—
Oh! naught that is earthly is mix'd with those notes.
They're the warblings of angels that sound in the strain,
And the day-spring of hope arises again!
And a heavenly voice, sweet, joyous and mild
Thus echoed her sighs for her absent child.

Gone! from the pains of life,
Its tortures and its woes;
Gone from the lasting strifes
That with existence close.
Safe from the racking cares
That tear the thrilling heart,
Safe from the thousand snares
Which round man's pathway start.

Gone! from the joys that fade,
And perish ere possessed;
The treacherous visions that invade—
The dreams in fancy dressed.
Gone! from the hopes of earth,
That glitter to betray—
And from the maddening thoughts that lead
Your willing feet astray.

Gone! from the sins that bind
Their fetters on the soul,—
And the with'ring blight of the poisoned mind
'Neath passion's wild control.
Gone! from the anguish and the tears
On earth that always flow,
And from the sorrows that beset
Man's weary course below.

Gone! to a brighter clime
Where grief is known no more,
Where the wearied heart and the guiltless soul
Are safe from the tempest's roar.
Ere the sorrows of life I had tasted,
Ere its devious paths I had trod,
Ere its ills my young spirit had blasted,
Received to the bosom of God.

Then, Mother, Oh! weep not for me,
Nor wish, though lone and bereft,
Me back from my home in the skies,
To the wilderness world I have left.
For the dream will soon break and the morning dawn
When bliss shall be severed from pain,
When the veil which now parts shall be drawn,
And in heaven we'll meet again.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL OF A CRUISE AMONG THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

BY 'ROLLA.'

AUX CAYES, Oct. 1, 1834.

Well, again I have got my 'wholesome' on terra firma! What a plague are these bodies of ours! We must feed them and clothe them, shield them from the storm and the rain, from cold and from heat, from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the perils that threaten us beneath the bright eye of day, from the thousand and one dangers that throng in our path over the tumultuous and billowy waste of existence. How like a hero have I had to moil and toil for the last fortnight, to keep this goodly *corpus* of mine from 'drinking the salt foam of the swelling waters,' from being food for wicked-looking, shovel-nosed sharks, that dogged us night and day, through all the unmerciful pelting of that long-lived hurricane, in which our brave bark was overturned, dismasted, and riven in every plank and timber—like demons, *scooting* from the yeasty crown of the frantic billow, leering at us, with uprolled eye, in the blue lightnings flicker; and, during the wearisome, pulseless calm that succeeded, sticking closer to us than a loving wife! [Oh! ye monsters! was it not with heartfelt pleasure that I bade ye adieu beneath the vine draped cliffs of the romantic isle of Vache!] How I have had to toil, how to watch through the long, void hours of the heavy night—that seemed to us like fragments of eternity!—till my eyelids were bourn upon as if by a mountain of lead! and when it was only by the smarting effects of the juice of that precious weed, which is the sailor's cherished companion, the Turk's solace, the christian's comfort, the bachelor's wife, the cit's delight, (*in fumo*) and the temperance man's poison: that goodly weed, whose *christian* name is 'Virginia,'* that they kept from closing, perhaps forever, and all for the preservation of this frail tegument, this lump of '*limo*!' But those times of peril and bodily exhaustion are passed—I remember them but as the vagaries of a dream. O, what a blessed thing is forgetfulness!

Strange it is that the hardships and privations which consumed the flesh and weakened the iron frames of the robust and hardy seamen, should have built up the constitution and renerved the limbs of Ahasuerus Hackinsack! But such is the fact; and so you will find, if you look to it, that almost every thing pertaining to this inexplicable world, works by contrarieties. The bright morning sun that prognosticated a pleasant day is suddenly eclipsed by the cloudy chariot of the storm spirit; the opening harvest that epoke of full barns and storehouses, and a merry harvesthome, is swept away by the tempest of an hour, or devoured by the ephemeral insect whose might is

* Tobacco—the sailors sometimes put its juice into their eyes so that they might keep themselves from falling asleep, on the watch.

only in their numbers; the fragile willow bows to the headlong blast and escapes unharmed, while the mighty oak of the forest is hurled to the earth and riven to splinters; the bloom on the cheek of beauty, is perchance only the precursor of the grave. But goodness me! what a pretty tirade I have contrived to tack to a sentence concerning self! What would my aunt Clotilda Hackinsack and the good people of Limington think were they to detect me in such a moralizing strain as this? I can anticipate their language—'Truly every thing does go by contrarieties!'

'We mortals are the sport of circumstances,' is a sensible remark, for which, I believe N. P. Willis ought to have the credit; and if not, yet he deserves credit for myriads of as good and better things, the opinions of the critics to the contrary notwithstanding. And, by the by, while my hand is in, I know not but I may, with truth, harp upon him the honor, as first invented of the rambling and very convenient style in which I have bunched my ideas together; however I'll not cavil as to that, but do maintain the truth of the first position that we are the sport of circumstances. Have n't I had it exemplified in my own particular case?—Have n't these same circumstances been sporting with me for these two months past? if not, why am I hand and glove with the colored gentlemen of this odd end of christendom? I never dreamed of coming hither:—a trip to the moon and a visit to Aux Cayes, three months ago, would have been to me undertakings equally improbable! Ah! those circumstances!—However, I find the blacks that I have to do with, as kind and obliging as those who have skins of fairer texture; and having but few wants, I contrive to make myself comfortable—to spend the time pleasantly. And he that could not content himself in such a glorious clime as this, surrounded with scenery whose incomparable beauty and sublimity, the eye never tires in dwelling upon, whose sunshine is brightest, whose flowers and fruit the richest and most choice of all this broad and lovely world—why, ahem! he must be sadly lacking in the requisites of contentment!

Aux Cayes is pleasantly situated at the southwestern extremity of St. Domingo, on a small bay, formed by the isle of Vache and the main. Its harbor, owing to the reefs and shoals with which it is surrounded, is very difficult of access, except in pleasant weather and during favorable winds. Its trade, for the most part, is with France and the United States, and the principal articles exported, are mahogany, logwood and coffee.

Its population numbers, perhaps, six or eight thousand, about one third of which act in the capacity of soldiers; and the better part of the other two thirds, owing to the ruinous militia system of the country, which requires every man in the island to do military duty about three months in the year, are constantly clad in the habiliments of the soldier. From three o'clock in the morning until nine at night, nothing is to be heard but the continuous clang of drums, fifes, bugles, and the discharge of musketry. In fact, the city appears to be a great garrison.

The soldiers are paid a stipulated sum per month; but (by law I believe) the length of the month is at the option of the President. If his Ethiop Excellency says the month shall have six weeks in it, so must it be; if eight or ten weeks, no one dares murmur at the decrees of this arbiter of Time.

These lengthy months frequently occur, and no doubt the honest President pockets the balance of the amount appropriated for the pay of the poor soldiery, as he is said to be a great miser, caring little as to the manner in which he enriches himself, and to be worth riches almost beyond compute.

The monotonous, inactive life of the soldier, as a matter of course, engenders an idleness, a want of attention to the common avocations of life, whose melancholy effects are observable on every side. The broad savannahs and rich alluvial plains of this matchless land—which in the hands of the French was denominated ‘the garden of the world’—now lie waste and uncultivated. The wild locust and orange, the wild cinnamon cabbage, palm and cocoa, luxuriate in all the pride and lustihood of primeval ages, over those invaluable lands, which in the hands of the whites, were teeming with cultivation, and sources of abundant wealth to their owners. Or, more commonly, guava brakes stretch away, sometimes for leagues, bending with their dowers of golden fruit, free as the air for those who will partake, year after year feeding the pampered soil with their abundance. There is scarcely a product on the face of the earth that will not grow here; yet the people, rather than cultivate the land, prefer dependence on foreign nations for supplies, even of the articles indigenous to the climate, and which would grow almost spontaneously—relying on their logwood, mahogany and coffee for a livelihood. In fact, if it were not for the immense quantities of the plantain, yam and sweet potatoes, which grow every where in the island, constituting the principal food of the poorer class, one half of the people, would either starve, or, which would be a calamity equally to be dreaded by them, would have to work.

The houses of Aux Cayes are large and commodious, built of rough stone, with wide spreading wooden balconies; but no regard is paid in building, either to beauty or architectural proportions. The only building worth noticing in the city, is the cathedral, and compared with it, the New York Bridewell is a palace, as to its outward architecture. The stone work of the house is generally white-washed, but the parts constructed of wood are allowed to go unpainted, and of course, in the lapse of time, became weather stained and blackened by the fiery ardor of the sun. Neither are their interior arrangements better provided for. The room in which I am at present taking these notes, although appertaining to one of the best-built houses in the place, is unplastered and unpainted, resembling very much the compartment of some of the farmhouses to be met with in the wilds of Maine. Yet is there an air of pleasantness about its bleached floor, and dusky wainscoting, as the declining sun-beam, stealing through a chink in the window curtain creeps imperceptibly up the wall, which enhances to me its simplicity—I would not exchange it for the gorgeously curtained and carpeted hall of a palace. And for yet another wherefor,—it brings before my mind’s eye, the comfortable old Yankee homestead among which I spent my boyhood prime, and the brave and beautiful scenery of my own land; which, if it will not compare to the luxurious and misty beauty of this land of the sun, yet possesses a nobleness and sternness—an air of freedom, which tinges the feelings and warms the hearts of her sons, generating there a love of country which neither the effacing fingers of time, nor the harrowing effects

of care and trouble, can obliterate—causing them though long years have elapsed, and though customs and scenes may have become familiar, to sigh for its hills as the tempest tost mariner sighs for the land; or, as the sea-driven bird languishes for the only nest that he ever thought or cared for, to borrow a beautiful simile from John Neal.

In 1832, Aux Cayes was laid entirely in ruins by a hurricane. Scarcely a house in the place was left unroofed, and the sea was driven in upon the city so suddenly and with such impetuosity that upwards of six hundred people were debarred from escape and drowned.

The onset of the hurricane, was described to me by one who saw it, as unutterably sublime. The air was filled with fragments of the houses, splintered shivers of the forest trees and foliage! The volumed clouds of heaven, stooped down upon the sea, and the frantic roaring billows fled before the breath of the tempest and poured over the devoted city grinding to atoms the fragile tenements in their eddying wrath, hustling the dismasted and riven vessels upon them, and burying all in one immeasurable and whirling vortex of ruin, terror and commotion. It was a time when the strength of the powerful, and the courage of the stern and determined was of no avail; alike with the helpless and forsaken they were overthrown. Man and the works of man were but as a feather in the grasp of the all powerful tempest.

Even at this time, although much has been done towards restoring the city and the surrounding country to its former state, the ravages of that tremendous concussion of the elements are observable on every hand. Far up in the country I discovered a large ship, which had been borne there by the waves. Her bows were buried deep in the rich loam; wild flowers and grass had seeded in the seams of her decks, and a broad spreading cocoa hung over her, while a troop of young guavas had marshalled around her, among which the summer birds sang and the green lizards whistled, as merrily as if they had domiciled about her for ages. One can hardly imagine how she could be thrown so far up: yet there she lies, a monument of the resistless power of that tremendous hurricane.

In the city, its ravages are yet more apparent. Ranges of labyrinthine ruins stretch away for many rods—whole streets of roofless houses—where none inhabit, and where no one disturbs the solitude, save now and then the vagrant soldier in his tattered regimentals, who has sought the shadow of the desolate walls to roast his yam or plantain undisturbed, or, perchance, to enjoy by himself his bottle of sour claret—or, haply, some idle 'here-and-thereian' like myself, who has come to brood, and while away an hour amid the silence of the deserted mansions. Luxuriant vines, rank springing grass and flowering weeds, in this clime, the beautifiers of the ruin, have overrun, and given them an ancient and venerable appearance. The wild wood-dove builds her nest and the green paroquet speeds to and fro on whirring wing there, as in the gloom of the leafy forest, beyond the city.

The society of Aux Cayes is about on a level with that of the other West India Islands. This, of a verity, is not saying much in its praise! The better sort of the men are polite and courteous, and the women easy, affable and graceful in their movements. The poorer class of the people, however, consisting principally of runaway slaves from the neighboring islands and

from the United States, are as adept a set of thieves as ever went unhung. They would filch the ring from your finger, and you hardly be aware of it.

Religion is a word which occupies a place in the language, but further is of no use, and as to the word morality, it has no business there, as far as its utility is concerned. Many of the men have two or three *wives*, and some of the women have more than one husband. Marriage in the regular way seldom occurs, but the man and women are 'placed'; *id est*, they form a mutual compact to love, cherish and help each other so long as it is convenient, or for their interest or happiness to do so; and when tired of each other's company, they dissolve the contract. And yet do people live together here as contented and peaceably as in countries where they agree to bear each other's burdens, come good come ill, through all the vicissitudes of their pilgrimage through life—a compact oftener made than kept inviolate.

SATURDAY, Oct. 4th.

To-day the staunch old brig that has borne me thus far, after having been surveyed and pronounced no longer sea-worthy, was sold at auction; and I have removed to spacious quarters and a clean berth, on board the L—, in which I have taken passage for Boston. I did not leave the old wreck, blackened and dirty as she is, without feelings of sorrow; there are few vessels that would have kept above water through the hard knocks that she has withstood; and little did I dream when we sailed from home so bravely, of leaving her dismasted and wrecked on the remote coast of St. Domingo. But 'her days of glory are o'er.'

Evening approaches—Saturday eve! 'There is music in the words. They vibrate on my heart like the dulcimer swell of the wind harp. They speak of rest from the toils of the week—of the day of repose that is at hand; a repose, alas, not to be enjoyed here. And such an eve, as now comes in shadowy and silent majesty on! What a heavenly sweetness fills this lambent atmosphere! what inspiration there is in the soothing and serene calm that reigns abroad over the slumbering elements! The gigantic forms of the far mountains, attired in robes of blue haze, stand up like Titans, plumed by the last rosy rays of the mellow sunset. The long, curving sweep of the shore seems to terminate in the dim and dreamy regions of space, and the ocean, calm as the repose of an angel, lies outspread afar, reflecting in its bosom, the vast and magnificent amphitheatre of the inland hills; those hills which crowd down the horizon in regular succession, as if the land had once been up-heaved into billows, by some tremendous throes of nature and had stiffened. A compound element—an element of ocean and air, partaking of the translucent blue of the sea and the iris tints of the sunset, has blotted out the line of the horizon. Hundreds of small boats, on their way to the city, from the remote bays and indentations of the coast, laden with country produce for the market (to-morrow is market day,) lie, waiting for the evening wind, like a flight of wild swans, on the broad breathing bosom of the world of waters. The snow-winged sea-birds, strongly relieved against the purple sky, are coming up from the remote quarters of the ocean, where all day long they have wheeled above the dashing spray of the solitary billows, telling the mariner of his approximation to the land; and the huge

unwieldy flamingo is leaving the surf-beaten shore for her eyrie among the rocks. But vain are my attempts to picture the unspeakable loneliness of the scene.

SUNDAY, Oct. 5th.

Early in the morning, I fitted myself out for a cruise on shore, as the sailors express themselves. Having previously understood that to-day was to be one of extraordinary festivity, because of its having been appointed as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing on account of the preservation of the city from injury by the hurricanes, as their season is now supposed to be over; likewise, owing to the grand muster of the soldiery which is to take place, and further, because Sunday is market day, and the only one of the week.

The harbor was filled, at early dawn with market boats, numerous as bees round a hive in flowering season, and the roads leading to the city were choaked up with bullock teams, and jackasses laden with huge panniers of vegetables and fruit of every description, and every production which the country affords, broad cakes of cassada bread, with a circumference like a cart-wheel, down to the pomegranate and *douce pommes de terre*. Being bent on the purchase of some pine-apples, I first sought the market place, which is a large square in the rear of the town. Here was a scene that would have stirred the blood in the veins of the most insensible dolt! A broad level plain of nearly a mile in extent lay before me, broken up here and there with palm leaf covered tents, teeming with swarming myriads of people—a sea of humanity! Beyond there was the misty forest crowned hills, and above them the blue translucent empyrean, in whose far depths the fleecy cloud slumbered as if waiting the mandates of the ruling winds. A deep murmur from the myriads of cavilling voices, went up the sunny air, heightened to almost a roar in the fitful swell of the fluttering zephyr. For a moment I held aloof in utter admiration of the scene, but the vision of the pine-apples (!) arose before my mind's eye, and I plunged into the tumultuous vortex.

The productions of almost every clime in christendom were there exposed for sale, and the glorious fruits of the country were piled up by cartloads on every hand. The confusion and uproar that reigned about me, was at first almost bewildering. Sales women urging the merits of their articles, purchasers haggling about prices, teamsters shouting to their oxen, and the women screaming to their jackasses! altogether creating a hubbub that could only have found a parallel in the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Yams, sweet potatoes, plantain, bananas, oranges, citrons, plums, &c. might be bought almost for a song, but pine-apples were very scarce, owing to their being almost out of season. However pine-apples I wanted, and would have, if they were to be had. I commenced the tour of the market place, shouting at the top of my voice, for that was the only chance one had of obtaining a hearing. '*Avery vous des annannas?—ou obtiendrai-je des annannas?*'

'*Oui—ici!*' at length fell on my ear. I drew up to the tent and bought all the tent-keeper had—she was a beautiful, fairy-formed and bright eyed young quartroon, sitting languidly among heaps of golden fruit, 'under her hat,' as Paulding said of the Dutchman—could I help it! I had three quarters of a mind to buy her out, and get her to keep the tent on my account. While I

was silently debating the feasibility of the thing, and whether the state of my finances would allow it, having a 'small sprinkle' of the frolicsome devil within me, although it was Sunday, a thwack over my shoulders, drove the breath out of my body, almost, and the project out of my head, entirely!

'How are you my old boy, Hackensack?' thundered a familiar voice in broad Yankee, into my ears.

Reader, wast ever in a foreign land; and if so, didst ever meet there an old and tried friend? If so, you can appreciate what I felt at that moment, if not, it will be useless for me to describe my feelings. Even to meet one whom you had seen in your far off home, but with whom you were not acquainted, would awaken a thrill of indescribable joy in your bosom, but to stumble suddenly on an old friend, after months of absence! my veins tingle now at the thought.

He gave me no time to answer his salutation, but went on—'For what reasonable reason under heaven, have you been driving ahead so! Here have I been following in your wake these ten minutes, and a pretty rig you have led me, dodging hither and yon, and up and down! Not being accustomed to this sort of navigation, and keeping a steady eye on you at the expense of a proper attention to my locomotives, I went stumbling along, kicking the shins of the soot-skins, upsetting the baskets of the market girls, and raising a cabal in my wake that only make me more eager in getting ahead, until I was brought up by tumbling headforemost over a stand of fruits, and the old woman, that was vending them. It was only by the influence of a pewter half dollar of this strange currency—which I hereby demand of you, being spent on your account—that I got quiet with her!'

A mutual explanation took place, and we agreed to *cruise* together for the remainder of the day, and so long as we continued in the place.

After drifting about the market till the concourse of people began to lessen, we started off for the parade ground. Here every thing had much the same aspect as at a general muster in the States, except that the soldiery were all dressed alike, and all wore black faces, as likewise did the spectators. There was the same din and confusion, the same concourse of people, swearing, fighting and gambling, and women and boys hawking about their *bon-bons*, the same clangor of trumpets and bugles, twang-wang of drums, and shrill screaming of fifes.

We jostled in among the crowd, and got a view of the military, which consisted of one large company of cavalry, and some ten or a dozen companies of infantry, and might have numbered in all fifteen hundred or two thousand men. The cavalry soldiers were well mounted, and most superbly clad, having green uniforms profusely trimmed with gold lace, and wearing burnished steel caps, with crests drooping down to their shoulders. The general and his suit were also most magnificently attired. Such an array of buckskin, bullion, gold lace, stars, spangles, tassels, silken scarfs and 'nodding plumes,' I never saw before. The foot soldiers were likewise very well dressed. Two or three bands, the members of which appeared to be excellent performers, besides a whole regiment of drummers and fife players were connected with the regiments.

These black soldiers appear to take a great deal of satisfaction in their

vocation. It was amusing to see the pomp and self importance of some of the officers—who perchance had been raised from slavery to command—as they marched in review before the General. Now came an ebony exquisite, with his glittering sword resting upon his epaulet, and his face almost parallel with the heavens, marching on tiptoe as though it were beneath his dignity for the *whole* of his feet to touch the ground—anon my eye detected another amid the moving mass, waddling along at a sort of dog-trot, with his broad rapier laying in the hollow of his arm, save in color like the blade of the sugar cane it was once his task to cultivate—again my friend pointed me out a ‘Bombastes Furioso’ with a body much resembling the letter C,—a defect which it had probably whilom contracted in bending beneath the burdens of his French master—his knees knocked together, and his toes turned in, keeping time most assiduously with both feet.

‘There, Hackinsack,’ said my merry companion, ‘do you see that chap, backed up by the barefooted section? What a “corporosity” he has, and how like a locomotive steam car he goes ahead. He now bodies forth my ideas of Falstaff, to a tittle, saving in color. By Jupiter! but I believe he has been putting a coat of Day & Martin on his visage—saw you ever such a polish?’ Poor fellow! it was the sheen of the perspiration that stood on his brow! caused by the ardor of a sun that blazed down upon us with heat almost sufficient to have broiled a beefsteak!

Being intent on viewing the soldiery, my companion did not pay so much attention to the foundation upon which he placed his feet as he ought, and in the press he trod upon the heel of one of the ‘swell.’ (A black man here will resent the slightest insult or appearance of insult from a white.) He turned upon him, and began to gesticulate and sputter in the *Lingua Franca* which is spoken here. My friend politely bade him, in English, to go to the—the—no matter where he told him to go—it was quite an opposite place, however, from that where matches are said to be made. The negro, not understanding English, and supposing an apology had been made, forgave the injury, and was all politeness!

Our attention was next attracted by a procession of females dressed in white, which came out of the church, bearing the Virgin Mary before them. After slowly marching round the church they re-entered it. Following the current of popular attraction we went in after them. As there were neither pews nor seats to the house, the crowd soon became very dense, and the scuffling and scraping of feet on the marble floor completely put a stop to all hearing, so that we had to depend on our sense of sight alone for information of what was going on. A hundred wax tapers burned around the grand altar, which was hung with festoons of flowers, and fancifully decorated with tissue paper and gilding. Here the demure, slow-moving procession deposited their precious charge.

The services were totally unintelligible to us, as I doubt not they were to nine-tenths of the people present. The priest, who had recently been imported from one of the Spanish Islands, not understanding the language of the country, preached an odd *melange* of Spanish, French, Italian, Latin, and I don’t know what else—my friend said that he was probably trying to dole out a scrap of comfort to every one of the congregation, which, certainly

was of as odd variety as his language. But no doubt they were as much edified as if he had spoken genuine Creole French, for scarcely a word which he uttered could be distinguished, owing to the uproar which prevailed in and about the church. The din of martial music, loud enough to drown all other sounds, rang at its very doors; soldiers and citizens were driving in and out, now and then mumbling short prayers, or carelessly plashing their hands in the *holy water*; 'dealers in a small way' were hawking their refreshments among the congregation, and every one seemed intent on anything but the words of the preacher. The heat of the over-thronged house was almost suffocating, and after a half-hour's stay we were glad to escape to dinner and port at the house of the American consul.

* * * * *

During the animated conversation that took place, after an excellent dinner had been eaten, and the inspiring effects of the wine began to be felt, the character and writings of John Neal became the theme of discussion; and it was agreed unanimously, after considerable sparring, that for strength of language, beauty and sublimity of composition, Neal had few equals, though all thought that these abilities were sometimes evidenced in a strange manner. (Don't you feel yourself highly honored, Mr. Neal?) By the time we had come to this conclusion, the shades of evening began to settle down o'er earth and ocean, and being fatigued with the stir and bustle of the day, those of us who belonged on board the ship, took leave of the consul, and were soon enjoying the cool breezes and bland influences of evening, on her quarter-deck.

I could not help being struck with the contrast between a Sabbath here and one at home. How much more preferable than this Sabbath of toil and revelry, would be a day of rest, when man, wearied by his six days of labor and cavil with the world, could retire from the arcana of confusion, and ponder over the glowing pages of some pious writer, or dream over the calm and lovely pictures of that 'better land,' described by the prophets and writers of olden time; when the broad streets of the city are undisturbed by the rattling wain and the clattering hoof, or the shout and revel of childhood, but stretch away with scarcely a tenant, save the solitary sunbeam, or the shadows of the buildings stealing along in silence, as the day wears apace—when the mind as the body can rest, and drink in the soothing serenity—how far preferable is such a Sabbath to this—such a Sabbath as is observed in the towns and villages of New England, to the clang and dissonance, the moil and toil, hurry, bustle and confusion that characterize the Sabbath of the West Indies.

'The world is full of toil,
It bids the traveller roam,
It binds the laborer to the soil
The student to his tome;
The beasts of burden sigh,
O'erladen and opprest—
The Sabbath lifts its banner high
And gives the weary rest.'

Well would it be for the people of the Indies could they respond to the two last lines. Thank Heaven I am an American, and a New Englander.

* * * * *

February 1st, 1835.

'Time rolls its ceaseless course,' and again I am a denizen of my own country; but there are those who escaped with us from the wreck of the ———, who never set foot upon the solid land again. Poor Sam and Bill Tryon, (mentioned in some of my past numbers,) 'where are they?' Silence responds in my heart the question—'where are they?' They sailed from Hayti in a noble schooner, and were probably wrecked in the gales that immediately followed. When the night was stretched over the waters, and the tempest roared, and the billows shook their flashing 'manes,' they went down. Truly, hard is the lot of a sailor.

THE LIGHT BARK'S SAIL.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

1st. Voice.—MAIDEN! haste, the moon shines bright,
Haste and fly with me to night.

2d. Voice.—Fly with thee? Oh! ask me not
Thus to leave my native cot.

1st. Voice.—By that eye of azure blue,
I will ever love thee true.

2d. Voice.—But a lover's voice they say
Fleet as twilight fades away.

CHORUS.—As that soft alternate song
Swelled the passing breeze along,
Loud was heard the light bark's sail
Flapping in the midnight gale.

1st. Voice.—Haste, the wind is off the shore,
None can hear the muffled oar.

2d. Voice.—But my bosom swells with fear,
Wild the billows seem and drear.

1st. Voice.—Trusting to his faithful breast,
Love will lull your fears to rest.

2d. Voice.—Then, though wild the waters be,
Rover, I'll fly with thee.

CHORUS.—On the ocean rolling dark
Forth they launched in love's light bark,
And no more was heard the sail
Flapping in the midnight gale.

ODDS AND ENDS,

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF AN EX-EDITOR.

NUMBER ONE.

QUILL DRIVING—Mr. Reader, you probably know what it is, if you were ever infected with *Cacoethes Scribendi*—Quill Driving is—but stop—kind reader art thou a contented biped, and does happiness and prosperity make thy dwelling one of comfort and tranquillity? Art thou enjoying a sufficiency of the good things of the land, and dost thou wish for variety to while away the tedious hours of existence? Dost ever feel weary of the universe, and of every thing in it, not even excepting thine own frail carcase? Dost ever think with Hamlet ‘that this goodly frame, the earth’s a sterile promontory, and this brave overhanging firmament the air, this majestic roof, fatted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors?’ Then if thou dost—not merely sip, but drink deeply—ay, deeply of the cup of editorial life and servitude—its realities—its trials and perplexities. Next to the ‘jumping toothache,’ it will give thee an impulse and energy, and inspire thee with elasticity and vigor that thou little dreamed of. Unlike almost every other vocation, that of an editor admits of no respite. He is obliged to turn night into day, and toil and spin incessantly for the gratification of a set of grumbling, capricious readers—to wield a steady pen through good and evil report—be ever ready for all volcanic eruptions amongst his patrons, and those who *are not*—be always on the alert and ascertain what is transpiring throughout the globe—he must keep his machinery perpetually in motion—he must manufacture tales, essays and poetry—speculate in the fiery furnace of politics—excise items—puff and denounce new book and quackery—compose advertisements—he must rap and be rapped over the knuckles by his coteremporaries, and not unfrequently attend to all the business concerns of a large printing establishment;—then perchance after ‘using up’ his elbows and draining his scone, he may see the cause in which he has embarked a complete failure, and he left with fewer friends than at the outset. Having now, reader, retired from editorial servitude, and being in possession of some composition from the pens of our most particular friends, (formerly contributors to a periodical work with which we were connected,) and some of our own rambling editorial paragraphs, we shall, from time to time, just as the fit takes us, publish them to the world, hoping that nothing we may say will be detrimental to your prosperity or happiness. So now for a little poetic effusion.

THE INDIAN.

PASSING through Syracuse (N. Y.) some time since, we were much shocked on seeing several white men fall upon a defenceless Indian of the Oneida tribe, and abuse him in the most shocking manner. He did not retreat, but stood his ground firmly, and when rescued from their hands, exclaimed with a tone of humbled pride and agony of feeling that went to the heart of at least some of the spectators, 'I am a poor Indian! I am all alone!' The occasion suggested the following lines:

There stalked in the pride of the forest land,
The haughty chief of a fearless band;
There was joy in his step as he passed by,
And glory beamed from his rolling eye.
He stood where his fathers oft had stood—
The bounding deer was his dainty food—
His drink the limpid bubbling rills,
His fortress the eternal hills.
Why doth he step with that martial air?
And why doth his brow that garland bear?
He hath come from the field of war's alarm—
Where the foe was scattered by that right arm.
Why doth he bound on his way so light,
And why hath his cheek that smile so bright?
'There's a darkeyed one on that little isle,
Who will welcome him with a brighter smile.
He comes—he hath seized on the light canoe,
And it plows the waves most gaily through—
Children and wife are there—dost see?
Hath earth a happier child than he?

Why is he now weighed down with care—
Why doth he gaze with that vacant stare—
Hath the subtle foe at midnight come
And burned in flame that happy home?
'They have robbed me here in my father land,
'And slain my tribe with a lordly hand,
'They have swept my native wilds away
'Till the Indian hath not where to stay;
'They broke the spirit that could not bend,
'And hunted the brave to a dreadful end;
'They rifled the graves of our hoary sires,
'And quenched with blood our eternal fires!
'And now, is there aught that is left to love
'Save yonder sun and thy sky above?
'The pale faces scattered us far and wide,
'And trampled in dust the warrior's pride,
'Ay! they whom we fostered, 't is this to turn
'And buffet with blows and words of scorn,
'But *we* must not raise a resisting hand,
'*We* have no rights in our fatherland.
'Our fires burn low—they cannot revive,
'Few are the scattered embers alive,
'And while they are fading one by one,
'I feel it—I am—I am *all alone!*'

POETRY reminds us of a *smoky chimney*, and why it does we cannot for our life imagine, unless it is because we are now in a smoky apartment. Only think of it—to be closeted up in a smoky room. Why, it's like being confined to an onion bed with the fever and ague, or shut up in a new rum cask with a whiskered dandy extracting the sweets of a long nine. There is but one torment worse than a smoky chimney. What may it be? saith the reader. Alas! were that quiet, calm old Mr. Socrates in existence, he would test to the truth of our assertion with tears in his eyes; for his restive spouse, the fiery volcano and vixen Xantippe, could out torment all the plagues of Athens. But history does not give us to understand that the *smoking plague* was an addition to that old gentleman's torments; yet if it were, still his patience was unconquerable; in spite of fury, thunder and smoke, he would still be the same calm, sedate philosopher. Remedies can be applied for the cure of smoky chimnies, it is said, but a scolding termagant can never be cured, unless you amputate her tongue.

We stepped into the new and pretty dwelling of our friend, the editor of the ———, the other day, who has recently taken to himself a young and beautiful wife. It was a model of taste and elegance, and everything seemed to surround him which might tend to complete his happiness. A splendid piano adorned the drawing room, but the bride could not sing or play to us—for why? her eyes defined the reason;—oh horrid! there was no living for the smoke! 'Faith, Mr. Editor,' exclaimed a waggish friend beside us, 'just turn your chimney t'other end up, and you'll have to chain your backlog!' But as to a remedy, I fear it is much like that of the toothache—out with your tooth—down with your chimney, and let those of my young friends who wish to enjoy their *honey moon* dispense with smoky chimnies, or they will find their bride in tears in less than a week. I wish you could have seen the good old chimney corner of my grandfather—that ancient pile of bricks. But stop—speaking of *antiquities*, put me in mind of that old see-saw book of———

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS. There has been a wonderful improvement in the science of music since we have adopted the style of Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. and it certainly has a wonderful influence in every thing relating to man. It cannot be doubted either that the dullness of *Sternhold and Hopkins* caused much of the want of the spirit of improvement and enterprize in their day. 'I recollect,' said my father to me one day, as we were looking over some ancient music books, 'that when a child we had one of *Sternhold and Hopkins*, old masterly, uncouth, and crackjaw volumes on the library shelf of our family. It was our custom daily to sing from it. The song about *Jael and Sisera* is still fresh to my recollection, thus—

"He at her feet bowed, fell, lay down,
He at her feet bowed where,
He fell, even where he bowed down;
He fell destroyed there!"

'One day,' continued he, 'while the family were at dinner, two of my brothers were absent. After much enquiry they were found behind the cornhouse at the grindstone, with the book—the *old version*, as it was then called. John held on and Ezekiel turned, and they made the old volume

smoke like a meal bag. It was ground up to the back; not a line was visible—and this, the family favorite was annihilated! There was much weeping on the occasion, and my poor grandmother was quite melancholy about it; but when she related the dire mishap to the parson of the village, how was she thunderstruck to hear him utter this dreadful profanation, 'Poh, poh, woman, why trouble thyself about the worthless old thing? *It has wanted grinding for these forty years!*'

PROTEUS.

THE WRONGED.

I BOUND thee in a brother's love
Firm to this faithful heart,
And once I thought the rocks might move
Ere thou and I could part.
I've watched each anxious wish of thine,
And oft to soothe thy care,
I've made thy bosom-sorrows mine,
And felt how deep they were.

If foul affliction's Upas spell,
Upon a heart that prest,
Hath ever found responding swell
Within a brother's breast—
That breast was mine, and full it throbbed
To woes that made thee bow,
But ah! some reptile thing hath robbed
Me of thy friendship now.

Farewell! thy name in faithful prayer
Shall ever offered be;
And though I never more may share
Affection's feast with thee—
My love about thy path to fame,
Shall gather as a spell—
Shall wrap thee in its deathless flame;
Speed on—speed on—farewell.

J. N. M

OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

NUMBER TWO.

BY WALTER W. WOLCOTT.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was the pride and ornament of his age. In his youth he gave assurance of attaining the high and enviable station he reached in after life. Lord Brooke remarks of him in this wise—'Of his youth I will report no other wonder than this, that though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. *His talk was ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich the mind*; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had already read or taught. Which eminence by nature, and industry, made his worthy father style Sir Philip, in my hearing (though I unseen) "*lumen familiæ suæ.*"' This encomium was from the companion of the father, and the biographer of the son, who caused the following to be inscribed on his grave-stone in addition to his various offices,—'*Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.*' One of his teachers had it recorded upon his tomb that he was 'the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney.' These simple tributes to his character speak volumes in his favor. The whole course of his study was marked by indefatigable industry, and the most ardent thirst after knowledge. He aspired after every branch of human science and learning, and mastered whatever he touched with a surprizing facility.

Having finished his collegiate course, he sought by travel to add to his already well stored and highly cultivated mind. In his journeyings he made many valuable acquaintances, from whom he derived a rich fund of information, and whose society afforded him much intellectual enjoyment. No opportunity of extending his varied acquirements was suffered to pass unimproved. Having spent three years in the pursuit of wisdom in foreign climes, he returned to England, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He became the delight of Elizabeth's court, and received from her Majesty many distinguished marks of royal favor. His official career, however, we will pass over, merely remarking that in consequence of some misunderstanding between him and the Earl of Oxford, he retired for a season from public life, and devoted himself to study and contemplation.

During this retirement, he produced the celebrated *Defence of Poesy*, which has well been termed 'one of the purest and most brilliant gems in the coronet of English literature.' It exhibits a mind replete with the learning of earlier days, well digested, and applied to his high purpose with the utmost fitness. Its object was conviction, and it must have borne away triumphantly all opposition, so strong and forcible were his arguments in

support of the divine art. One writer remarks that, 'to quote, indeed, the several eulogies of this Defence's merits, would be to cite every author who has mentioned it, since its gifted composer lived. The scholar and the critic have been equally animated in its praises; and while the one has recommended it as being replete with Greek and Roman erudition, the other has held it up as a perfect model at once of expression and of logical method.' Another writer says, 'the truth is, that the Defence of Poesy has formed the staple of all the thousand and one dissertations on that art, with which our magazines and reviews have teemed during the last twenty years.'

We will now proceed to give an analysis of this admirable treatise, accompanied by a few extracts. He was first induced to step forth in this 'pitiful defence,' as he terms it, because, 'from the almost highest estimation of learning,' poetry had 'fallen to be *the laughing stock of children*.' In those professing learning, he considers it going 'very near to ungratefulness to seek to deface that, which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first-nurse, whose milk, by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards on tougher knowledge.' And in this connexion he appositely inquires—'Will you play the hedge-hog, that being received into the den, drove out his host?' He then calls upon Greece, rich in learning, to produce 'one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets.' He shows the priority of poetry and its beneficial results in softening and harmonizing the passions of man. He says, 'Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts; indeed stony and beastly people: so among the Romans were Livius Andronicus, and Ennius: so in the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire to be a treasure-house of science, were the poets Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch: so in our English were Gower and Chaucer; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind, as other arts.'

'Historiographers,' he remarks, 'although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and, perchance, *weight* of poets.' Herodotus is then alluded to, who called his historical books by the names of the sacred nine, and Sir Philip, in no very modest manner, intimates that he stole inspiration from the muse. To the different nations of the globe he adverts to shew the uses and benefit of poetry. Turkey, Ireland, America in its pristine state, Wales, Rome, Saxony, Denmark and Norway, are called upon for their testimony. The Psalms of David are alluded to, and he shows that they were nothing but songs. 'Lastly, and principally,' says he, 'his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable prosopopœias, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beast's joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy; wherein, almost, he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an

estimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and work of it such, as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God.'

After having gone through the various etymologies of the words 'poet,' &c., in praise of the art, he concludes this portion of his subject by remarking that 'poesy is an art of imitation'—'a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture: with this end, to teach and delight.' The different kinds are then spoken of, generically and specifically, their uses and value. The poet is compared with the moral philosopher and the historian, beyond both which he considers him to go. The peculiar province of each is then explained, and he remarks that 'the peerless poet' doth perform the functions of both. In support of this assertion, he draws upon his extensive resources, calling in the aid of the ancient and modern classics. Having thoroughly considered the particular offices of each, he closes with the remark, that 'of all sciences is our poet the monarch.'

'The most important imputations laid to the poor poets,' to use his words, are next examined, and thoroughly canvassed. Here, as before, he fortifies his positions by recurring to the ancient and modern poets. In summing up his remarks on this division of his subject, he says that whatever 'dispraise may be set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So, that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objection so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the poet's heads (which honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they hold to be held in,) than suffer the ill-favored breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clean springs of poesy.'

We cannot better close this imperfect analysis of this magnificent production, than by quoting his concluding remarks, after observing that however imperfect and unsatisfactory it may be, if it should enlist the attention of the reader sufficiently to awaken a desire to peruse the 'Defence,' our chief purpose will be accomplished. It would be the height of absurdity and presumption to endeavor to enlarge upon a subject which has the honor of having Sir Philip Sidney for its advocate. Therefore, we conclude, as we designed, with the words of the author.

'So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymers"; but to believe with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasures of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all

civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Claudius, the translator of Carnutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, rhetoric, logic, philosophy, natural and moral, and "quid non?" to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you, they will make you immortal by their verses.

'Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface: thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives: thus doing, though you be "libertino patre natus," you shall suddenly grow "Herculeæ proles,"

"Si quid mea carmina possunt:"

thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.'

John Selden's '*Table-talk*' will be reserved for the next number.

SONG OF THE AGED.

FOR DECEMBER 1836.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

WHAT waitest thou for, departing year?
 Dost linger for blessings from mortals here?
 Thou hadst better speed for thy brow is cold,
 Thy head is hoary and thou art old,
 And few on earth thine errand may bless,
 For much hast thou wrought of weariness!
 Go speed thee on, for thy breath is chilled,
 First give back thy promises, unfulfilled:

The faded hope, and the broken vow,
 The joy thou hast kept, oh, give them now.
 Go heal the spirit thou'st stricken deep,
 And dry up the tears of those who weep;
 Fill up the void in the ruined heart,
 Bid its aching cease, ere thou depart;
 And link thou again the flowery chain
 Of love thou hast severed, the grief that 's vain,
 Oh, sooth it now, for that household band
 Can meet no more but in heaven's fair land;
 Thou hast taken one from the happy few—
 Thy winds well may wail, for the grave is *new*!

Go quench the fire in the breast of guilt,
 For violence done, and the blood that 's spilt;
 Nor take its innocence and leave it there,
 Unhouselled in woe, *but teach it prayer*,
 And bring up the rich treasures from the deep,
 Thou hast thrown there that pained want may sleep,
 Then break the chain from souls thou hast bound
 And teach them Freedom's forgotten sound.

Dost ask a blessing and linger still?
 In thy fainting gasp and thy dying chill?—
 Go then to her with the jeweled ring,
 And the bridal hope, ere it's withering;
 Her dreams are bright and her joy is high,
 Her heart is proud and 'tis thy gift—fly.
 To the mother, go while her new-born one,
 Beside her is laid, her only son—
 'Twas a perilous hour, but joy it brought,
 And she may bless for the work thou'st wrought,
 And go thou to the full family board,
 And blessings thou 'lt share for one restored;
 Who drunk of the vintage in foreign lands,
 And sang the "captive's lay" in captive's bands,
 Whom they mourned as dead but thou did'st bring,
 The wanderer home, and blessings they sing;
 And others may bless for joy thou hast given,
 Not joy of earth, but the hope of Heaven.

Then hasten thee on and look not to me,
 For my eye is dim and I cannot see;
 Thou hast cast a film o'er my failing sight
 And shut from my heart the pleasant light;
 Thou hast stolen the locks of my hoary hair,
 And left my head o'er the temples bare;
 Hast passed thy hand o'er my withered brow—
 Its furrows *were deep*, they're *many* now.
 O'er my limbs thou hast thrown weariness,
 And laid me low on the bed of distress;
 My fondest hope thou'st taken away,
 The light of my youth, my strength and stay;

I am left alone of the 'household band,'
My yearns are deep for that better land:—

Thou had'st better speed for thy breath is chilled,
Thy locks with the frost of death are filled,
And look not to me, but hasten thee on,
For thy hours are full and thy errands done!

Lowell, Mass.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PORTLAND SKETCH BOOK. Edited by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. Portland: Colman & Chisholm.

We hail with emotions of pleasure the appearance of our esteemed friend's 'Book.' Her deservedly-high reputation as a writer of taste and talent had led us to anticipate much from the result of her efforts to produce a work in every way worthy of the city of her adoption. To say that our most sanguine anticipations have been realized is an act of justice which gives us great satisfaction to record. That she has faithfully discharged the high trust she had assumed, we do not hesitate to say a cheerful assent will be the ready response. And we congratulate the writers of our sister city that this first essay to collect specimens of their efforts has fallen into so able hands. It is a good beginning, and may each successive year produce a volume which will reflect great credit upon the literature of our State, as well as upon the city from which it emanates.

It was the main object of our Editor 'to collect in a small compass, literary specimens from such authors as have a just claim to be styled Portland writers.' Many additions might have been made from the productions of others who have made the city a place of transient residence, but we are assured that 'no writer has a place in this volume who is not, or has not been, a citizen of Portland, either by birth or a long residence.' More than one half of the contributors were natives of, and educated wholly or in part, at Portland. It is, therefore, what it purports to be—a Portland Book. It was the editor's design to have produced a work mostly original, varying in that respect from works of a similar character in other places, excepting only the articles of those who had deceased. This intention was abandoned as it was found to be attended with some considerable inconvenience, and it was left for each one to contribute what they thought proper, and the deficiency was supplied by selections. This is a matter of little importance, and we dare say all would have been perfectly satisfied, had the work been entirely composed of selections.

This volume contains twenty nine articles in prose, and eleven in poetry. Of the writers, two only are females—the editor and the lady of an editor. Some others must have neglected to contribute their quota. Can it be that Portland has had but two female writers? We hope to have a better report another year. We do not regret that the number of writers of the other sex was not extended, but it

would have been gratifying to have had more articles from those who have contributed. They have given to the world many choice productions, but these may be in store for the coming volumes. We would except, however, the unfortunate omission of the paper from the Rev. Dr. Nichols. The first article is a beautiful poetic effusion, by our valued correspondent, S. B. Beckett, entitled 'Diamond Cove,' and intended as an illustration of the picturesque view of that 'matchless retreat' which adorns the title page of the volume. 'The Cruise of the Dart,' by the same author, is a tale of the sea, and will not suffer by a comparison with those of more practiced writers. It is well written, exceedingly graphic, and at times highly poetical. There is fame in store for this young man. 'Our own Country,' by James Brooks, glows with the author's wonted enthusiasm, full of life and energy. 'A New England Winter-Scene,' by William Cutter—prose by a poet, and this is sufficient praise. 'The Valley of Silence,' by the same, closes with the following beautiful strain,

I love society ;—I am o'erblest to hear
The mingling voices of a world ; mine ear
Drinks in their music with a spiritual taste ;
I love companionship on life's dark waste,
And could not live unheard ;—yet that still vale—
It had no fearful mystery in its tale ;—
Its hush was grand, not awful, as if there
The voice of nature were a breathing prayer.
'T was like a holy temple, where the pure
Might blend in their heart-worship, and be sure
No sound of earth could come—a soul kept still,
In faith's unanswering meekness, for heaven's will,
Its eloquent thoughts sent upward and abroad,
But all its deep hushed voices kept for God!

'Mrs. Sykes,' by Nathaniel Deering, was originally published in the first number of this Magazine, and our readers will easily bring it to mind. We dare say that it has been perused and re-perused, till the reader has become convulsed with laughter. We hope he will favor us with another of a similar character. 'Old and Young,' by James Furbish, is a well-written article, characterized by good, sound sense. Would that his suggestions might be heeded. 'Autumnal Days' is a fine prose article by P. H. Greenleaf. 'The Plague,' and 'Oh, this is not my home,' poetical articles by Charles P. Ilsley, possess considerable merit. 'The Village Prize,' is an excellent tale by Professor Joseph Ingraham, the author of 'The South-West' and 'Lafitte.' General Washington occupies a prominent space in this tale. 'Indifference to Study,' by George W. Light, reflects great credit upon its author, who is in the strongest sense, a self-made, self-taught man. 'The Village of Auteuil,' by Professor Longfellow is written in the author's usual free, chaste, and graceful style. Irving is evidently his model. 'The Past and Present Year,' by the late Chief Justice Mellen, contains many wise reflections and wholesome suggestions. Is not this gentleman a poet? 'Courtship,' by William L. McClintock, a genuine Yankee story is doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Had it not been so extensively copied into the prints of the day, we would give it a place. The 'Ode,' by Grenville Mellen, we will transfer to our pages.

O D E,

ON OCCASION OF JUDGE STORY'S EULOGY ON CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, AT THE
ODEON.

'AGAIN—the voice of God !
How breaks it round !
O'er consecrated sod,
With locks unbound,

Grief in her marble brow appears
And bows amid her veil—in tears!

That mandate from on high—
The clarion call,
That rung through earth and sky
His rayless fall,
In accents, "thou shalt die," again
Proclaims man's dream of years—how vain!

We veil not in its grave
Ambition's brow—
It is not o'er the brave
We gather now!
But one who reach'd man's loftier fate,
Good without fault—and nobly great.

A sceptre was his own,
Drawn from the sky—
He fill'd a holier throne
Than royalty:
He sat with deathless Justice crown'd,
While Truth, like sunlight, flash'd around!

His life to all the earth
Proud record bore,
Man yet might spring to birth,
With angel power!
His death, that as the "grass," to-day
Robes him in glory—and decay!

Oh! well, with spirit bow'd,
Above his bier
May a broad empire crowd,
With a prayer and a tear!
—His be its requiem—deep and far—
A nation's heart his sepulchre!

'The Unchangeable Jew,' and 'A War Song of the Revolution,' by John Neal, are very fair specimens of his powers as a writer of prose and poetry. His style is original—completely *sui generis*. 'Musings on Music,' by James F. Otis, consists of three finely written articles. The author appears to appreciate his subject, enters upon it with correct views, and imbibes its very spirit. 'The Blush,' by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, is happily conceived. 'Jack Downing's Visit to Portland,' by Seba Smith—the veritable Jack, the most popular, we may say, of modern writers—seems to be the commencement of his career. It is written in the regular Jack Downing style. 'Portland as it was,' by William Willis, is a scrap of town history, written in a good style, and a very appropriate article for the 'Book.' 'Cherokee's Threat,' by N. P. Willis, is familiar to readers of his writings. Portland has the honor of numbering him among her sons. 'The Widowed Bride' and 'The Deserted Wife,' fully sustain the well earned reputation of Mrs. Stephens. No apology was necessary on her part for the introduction of the portion she has furnished. It was altogether gratuitous. This volume contains many other fine articles from the pens of the Portland clergy, C. S. Davies, Ashur Ware, and others.

We deem no apology necessary for the particular notice of this work. It is a volume which cannot fail to be welcome to all who are interested in the literature of Maine. May it be found in every library within its bounds, and thereby offer encouragement to a continuation of a series which has been so well commenced. It is an 'experiment,' and we must confess our partiality for all such experiments. That this partiality may be more fully demonstrated on our part, we conclude with the assurance that another autumn shall produce 'THE BANGOR BOOK.' May it equal the 'Portland,' both in its typographical appearance, as well as in the quality of its contents.

PAULDING'S WORKS. Volume nine. *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan.* By HECTOR BULL-US. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PAULDING is the most humorous of American authors. There runs through all his writings a sly vein of pure wit, intermixed with a suitable portion of keen satire on the follies of the time. The favor which was bestowed on his productions on their first appearance will be renewed at the present day, more especially as they are now brought out in so neat and attractive an attire. The works of all our principal native authors should be collected, and published in the uniform and beautiful style in which the enterprising Harpers are issuing those of Mr. Paulding. We cannot, we are assured, better please our readers than by giving them a foretaste of the book before us. They may be induced to look farther. But to our extract.

'When Corporal Smelfungus got over to Jonathan's farms, that hospitable young fellow feasted him heartily, and showed him every attention, as was his custom toward strangers of whose good word he was apt to think more than it deserved.

'But the corporal was determined beforehand to be pleased with nothing, being, as I said before, set upon undeceiving Mrs. Bull and the squire's tenantry, and rescuing them from Brother Jonathan's seductions. He maintained the former was no better than she should be, and the latter a parcel of drivellers, to think the squire could learn any thing worth knowing from such snivelling, mint-sling rum-jockey, who had no more manners than a bear, and no more morals than a pickpocket.

'He went about raking up all the old stories that had been hatched against Brother Jonathan for a hundred years past, and invented as many more as he could; but it was not a great many, being rather a dull fellow, with more ill nature than wit, and more malignity than invention. The truth is, he was not a little put to it to find matter for running down Jonathan. His tenants were so well off, their rents so low, and they had such a plenty to eat and drink, that the corporal did not know exactly where to take hold of him and was obliged to turn up his nose at the merest trifles, for want of something better.

'One day, being at breakfast at a tavern, he luckily saw a mustard pot upset on the table, upon which he noted it down carefully, that Jonathan could never eat his meals without upsetting all the mustard, and did not know how to behave like a gentleman.

'The next thing he did was to find fault with the great size of Jonathan's beef-steaks, which he swore were as big as newspapers, and enough to take away a man's stomach to a look. But what was worse than all this, he had no silver forks at his table, and none but barbarians could eat without silver forks.

'Happening to see a young fellow, who was an officer in the militia, in his everyday clothes, wearing a dirk to show he was a soldier, the corporal put it down in his memorandum-book that all Jonathan's tenants wore dirks, and did not mind killing a neighbor any more than they did murdering the squire's English, as he called it. Every man he saw that had but one eye, he concluded had been gouged to a certainty; and if any one happened to ask him the hour, instead of pulling out his turnip and answering him in a civil manner, he set him down as an impertinent, guessing, inquisitive Yankee, as Jonathan's tenants were commonly called. But he did not tell them so to their faces, for fear of being gouged.

'There was an old joke, got up in a good-humored way, about some of Jonathan's tenants away Down East selling wooden nutmegs, and playing other such pranks upon the people of Southlands; this the corporal got hold of, for he was very industrious in picking such things, and thereupon set down the people Down East as a parcel of rogues.

'Sometimes he employed himself whole days counting how many times the people spit; at others he would stand with his watch in his hand, calculating how many minutes they were in swallowing their dinner, and how many times they drank at their meals; or in listening to the free off-hand talk of the tenants, to find out whether they spoke good grammar; and whenever he got a chance, he would pimp into the bed-chambers, to see if they had any clean towels, combs, wash-hand basins, and proper conveniences under the bed. Happening to find a dirty napkin one day in a miserable tavern, in a room without a comb, he snapped his fingers in triumph, and swore Jonathan's tenants did not know what clean

napkins were, and combed their hair with currycombs. When he could find nothing to set him going, he scratched his pate, and passed his time grumbling about democratic licentiousness and universal suffrage. All this he called speculating, generalizing, and philosophizing.

‘Having a great taste, like most of Squire Bull’s tenants, for seeing people hanged, he went all through Jonathan’s farms to find out a gallows, and being disappointed in his search, relieved his mortification by putting down in his memorandums that there was no such thing as punishing a criminal, and that it required great interest to get hanged there. All this time he was feasting and carousing it lustily among the tenants, who little thought they had an ill-natured, grumbling, tattling curmudgeon among them, spying out their little oddities, and inventing scandals when he could not find any ready made to his hands. Once or twice, indeed, he got taken down pretty handsomely. The first time was when he attempted to walk over a dinner-table, to show his breeding; and the next when he undertook to sprawl himself at full length on a sofa, among some of Jonathan’s ladies. These little rubs only made him ten times the more spiteful, and he paid poor Jonathan off in his memorandums.

‘When he had collected together all the scandal and tittle-tattle, and pumped out of the old women all the private anecdotes they had stored up for fifty years past, he went back to Bullock Island, chuckling at his great success, and thinking to himself how he should stump Mrs. Bull and the drivellers, who had been seduced by Brother Jonathan into an admiration of his parts, and an imitation of his Yankee notions.

“Well, corporal,” cried the squire, as soon as he laid his eyes on him—“well, my fine fellow, have you dished that rebellious rogue, my son Jonathan—hey, baby? come, let’s see what you have got; out with it, my hearty!” and he rubbed his hands, in expectation of a high treat from the corporal’s muster-roll.

‘Corporal Smelfungus thereupon pulled out a whole bundle of smutty paper; for he was rather a dirty little fellow, and always carried his snuff in his breeches-pocket, and began to read off what he had set down in a pompous manner, as though it had been well worth hearing, the squire all the time rubbing his hands, snapping his fingers, and drinking the corporal’s health every two minutes.

“Body o’ me!” he would cry out every now and then, “body o’ me! what will Madam Bull say to that, and what will those great blockheads, my tenants, think of this. By cox-body, corporal, but I think this will do the business, and put an end to Master Jonathan’s seductions.” Then would he strut about the room, the corporal following, and ever and anon having a fling at honest Jonathan out of his memorandum. After this, nothing would do but he must go to his wife and tell her all about it.

‘The good lady was a little stumped at Jonathan’s having no silver forks, though, for the matter of that, it was but a little while since the squire had begun to use them at great doings and holidays. All the rest of the time he kept them locked up for fear his servants would steal them, I suppose. Women, I have observed, think a great deal of such matters; and the very hardest thing they can say of a man is, that he is not genteel. Men do n’t mind these trifles so much, except in so far as they approach to the feeling and habits of women. Mrs. Bull thought to herself it was better to have silver forks and nothing to eat with them, than to have plenty of victuals and no silver forks. Jonathan, therefore, began rapidly to fall from her good graces.

‘As the corporal proceeded to read how Jonathan swallowed his meat without chewing it, piled up his bones by the side of his plate, instead of eating them like a gentleman, and combed his hair with a currycomb, Mrs. Bull began to make wry faces; but when by way of a doxology, the corporal read out in an audible voice how Jonathan cracked his eggs at the wrong end, she gave a loud shriek, and fell into the squire’s arms in a fit. When she came to again, she gave the squire a hearty smack, and promised faithfully to have no more to say to a fellow that had no silver forks, and broke his eggs at the wrong end.

“By the glory of my ancestors” cried John, “but you’re the man for my money, after all, corporal. What shall I do for you, my brave fellow, hey? Hum—ha—I have it. I’ll make you superintendent of the Bridewell, where you shall teach the bad women to be genteel.” The corporal kissed his hand as in duty bound.

“But, body o’ me!” said the squire, after a little while; “now we’ve done the old woman’s business, let us go and get my rascally tenants out of Jonathan’s seduction.”

‘Accordingly, they went round among them, the corporal all the while reading out of his muster-roll of dirty paper, until they got a great crowd about them.

"There, there!" said the squire, when they came to the silver forks; "what think you of that, you discontented blockheads, hey?"

"Silver forks!" said the tenants; "we never saw any in the whole course of our lives; and for the matter of that, we don't care what sort of forks we have, if you will only allow us enough to eat."

"Body o' me!" said the squire, "what a set of blockheads!"

Then the corporal came to cracking the eggs; the squire again rubbed his hands and cried out:

"There, boys, there! What think you of that, hey?"

"We avent heaten hany heggs these ten years. They hall go to the parson and the landlord," replied they.

"Hum!" said the squire.

But when the corporal came to the beefsteaks, they all cried out in astonishment:

"Beefsteaks as big as newspapers! Come, boys, let's be off," And away they scampered, shouting:

"Huzza for Brother Jonathan and his big beefsteaks!"

The squire looked askance at the corporal, and the corporal at the squire.

"Corporal," quoth John, "either I or my tenants are the greatest blockheads in existence."

"That's as clear as preaching," quoth the corporal; and away he went to take possession of his office.

POEMS. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Otis Broaders & Co. New York: George Dearborn & Co.

We are first led to remark the exceedingly beautiful typography of this volume, which excels any thing we have seen from the Cambridge Press. It is a luxury to sit down to the perusal of such elegant volumes. It is nothing short of an aggravation to open some of the brown paper works which are constantly issued from a certain press without the precincts of New England. Their execution compares very well with the 'Comic Almanac,' which is a complete burlesque on the art of printing.

But to O. W. H. His volume consists of a Poem, entitled 'Poetry, a Metrical Essay,' which occupies about forty pages, and 'Lyrics,' about one hundred and twenty more. The former was delivered at the last anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge. The versification is uncommonly free and easy, but a subject like that of Poetry should not have been treated in so 'discursive' a manner. It has not, to be sure, any great pretensions, but there is the fault. There are many fine passages to be found in it, for instance, the following—

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

As a general remark, the poem is, as had been said of a certain doctrine, very fine 'as far as it goes.' This is our only objection.

The 'Lyrics' and one usually termed 'fugitive pieces'—would that some poet-aster's effusions were too 'fugitive' to be caught. The versification of these is 'as free as the mountain air,' and a fine vein of humor and drollery runs through many of them. The following, 'To an Insect,' has been much admired.

TO AN INSECT.

'I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!

Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks,—
 Old gentle folks are they,—
 Thou sayst an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
 I know it by the trill
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill.
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree —
 A knot of spinster Katydids,—
 Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked, too?
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
 My fuss with little Jane,
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane,
 And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue,—
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still,
 The rock shall rend its mossy base
 And thunker down the hill,
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word, to tell
 The mystic story of the maid
 Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings
 Beneath the autumn sun,
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice
 And lift her drooping lid,
 And then the child of future years
 Shall hear what Katy did.

'The Comet' has been copied into many of the prints of the day. Several of these poems were originally published in the American Monthly Magazine. The following we have not seen, except in this pleasant volume.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF 'A LADY.'

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

'Well, Miss, I wonder where you live,
 I wonder what's your name,
 I wonder how you come to be
 In such a stylish frame;
 Perhaps you were a favorite child,
 Perhaps an only one;
 Perhaps your friends were not aware
 You had your portrait done!

Yet you must be a harmless soul;
 I cannot think that Sin
 Would care to throw his loaded dice
 With such a stake to win;

I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out?
I'm not averse to red and white
But all things have their place,
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit thy style of face!

I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf;
But nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!"

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

AND YET ANOTHER! We learn from the Knickerbocker that a new quarterly publication, entitled '*The American Quarterly Magazine*,' published by the students of the New York University, made its appearance last month, whose debut is said to be a very favorable one. While advertizing to this, we cannot avoid alluding to '*The Yale Literary Gazette*,' published by the students at New Haven. It has recently commenced a new volume with a highly creditable appearance. The matter is lively and entertaining, pungent withal, and just such an one as might reasonably be expected from its projectors and contributors. And there is, too, '*Harvardiana*,' by the students of Harvard University, a very good sort of a publication, though not equal to that from New Haven. Graduates should patronize those banplings of their Alma Mater, as they tend to keep alive in our memories the many pleasing and amusing incidents of a collegiate course. The terms of the two latter periodicals are *two dollars per annum*, in advance.

BRYANT'S POEMS. Another edition of the Poems of WILLIAM C. BRYANT, with many additions, has recently been published. An excellent volume for a Christmas and New Year's present.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS. Messrs. James Munroe & Co. Boston, are about to publish a beautiful edition of the writings of this most beautiful of poets, without which no library of modern works can be said to be well selected. This author is more fully appreciated than formerly, and will continue to reap favor as his works are more extensively read.

THE DOCTOR. The November number of the Knickerbocker has a long article on the subject of the authorship of this singular production, and the Editors are fully satisfied that it must be properly ascribed to ROBERT SOUTHEY. Some four or five pages of extracts from his writings are introduced and placed side by side with extracts from '*The Doctor*,' tending to show a similarity of thought.

and expression. One thing appears somewhat conclusive that Southey is the man, viz. that the *author of the Doctor* quoted a composition of Southey's a good half year before it was published, and the Editors well remark, 'If that be not proof, speak?'

NEW WORKS. '*Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee*,' by the author of '*Guy Rivers*'—W. G. Simms, Esq.—and '*East and West*,' by the author of '*Clinton Bradshaw*'—F. C. Thomas, Esq.—have recently been published. They have not yet reached us. Mr. Simms's work is a continuation of the '*Partisan*.'

Another volume of Spark's excellent work,—'*Library of American Biography*,'—is out.

'*Protestant Jesuitism*' is the title of a work which is likely to make a considerable stir in the community. A contemporary remarks that it bears every mark of independence, except that of giving the author's name.

The Harpers have published the works of Henry McKenzie, Esq. in a very neat volume. 'Another donation of good old English literature.'

'*Giagar Al Barneki*,' is the title of a brace of volumes, by a new aspirant for literary fame, whom Madam Rumor alleges to be a son of Rev. Doct. Spring, of New York. 'The American Monthly Magazine' thus alludes to the author. 'A new rival has just entered the lists, who, if this be his first effort, bids fair to contend the palm with the stoutest of them. To show that we do not speak rashly, we will at once extract a scene, which, both for brilliant details and general striking effect, is surpassed by nothing in the successful writings of Mr. James, with whom our author may be best compared.'

'*Excursions to Cuira, Jerusalem, Damascus and Balbec*,' by George Jones, A. M., author of '*Sketches of Naval Life*,' has just appeared. Its title leads us to infer that it is a work of interest.

'*The Religious Opinions and Character of George Washington*,' is a work which will be read with much interest by every American. It is said to form 'a complete domestic biography of the Father of his country.'

'*Tales of the Good Woman*,' by a Doubtful Gentleman,' form the ninth and tenth volumes of the Harpers' uniform edition of Paulding's Works.

LITERARY CHANGES. *The American Ladies' Magazine*, which this month completes its ninth volume, is to be merged in the '*Lady's Book*' published at Philadelphia. The united work will be under the editorial charge of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, now and from the commencement the conductor of the '*Magazine*.' The ladies may depend on having an interesting monthly, if they choose to patronize the '*Lady's Book*.'

'*The Boston Pearl*'—the 'insatiate' Pearl it might well be called, having heretofore swallowed up sundry periodicals—has taken the '*Galaxy*' into the family. It will hereafter be called '*The Boston Pearl and Galaxy*.' If it is to be edited by Pray, Weld, and Harrington, it will be a capital concern. The union takes place on the 31st instant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Several communications are before us, which will appear next month.